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# SATURDAY REVIEW

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FOR JUL 20 1926

No. 3689. Vol. 142.

10 July 1926

[REGISTERED AS  
A NEWSPAPER]

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the Publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE trouble with the Yorkshire mineowners, arising suddenly through misunderstanding on their part, and removed almost at once by the Government's firmness, has resulted in a very welcome clearing of the atmosphere. It is plain now to the most suspicious that Mr. Baldwin is resolute in holding to a conception of his duty in the coal dispute which was somewhat obscured by passages in his anxiously discussed speech of the previous week. It is plain also that Mr. Baldwin is not so enamoured of the Eight Hours Bill as to bar any other approach towards a settlement. There have been, to be sure, other developments in Parliament, the very reverse of those which conduce to a sober and generous-minded treatment of the questions at issue. But we shall not judge Labour by its wild men, whom its saner elements have criticized outside Parliament with pungency, unless and until those elements fail to assert themselves. As we point out in our leading article, the moderate leaders of Labour have their opportunity now. Let them but emulate Mr. Baldwin in dealing with extremists, and we shall be brought within sight of a settlement.

M. Caillaux made his financial statement on Tuesday to the French Chamber. He told the French people some painful truths, especially painful as it is the first time since the war that the French have been told the truth about their financial position. M. Caillaux was as definite about the dangers of the situation as he was vague about the methods of salvage he proposed to use. The kernel of his speech was his announcement that a Bill would be introduced to give the Government full powers to alter the incidence of taxation and to take the necessary steps to stabilize the franc without the sanction of Parliament. In other words, Parliamentary procedure and control are to be shelved in financial affairs in France until the crisis is over. So another country takes a partial step towards Dictatorship; even though it is dictatorship of a Cabinet instead of an individual the result is the same. Constitutional government on the Continent is out of fashion.

The statement of M. Caillaux which staggered the deputies was that the Treasury's credit with the Bank of France amounts to only about £2,700,000. The Morgan credit is almost exhausted, and that paltry sum is the sole reserve of the French Republic. He bravely faced painful

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facts in a way that won admiration even from his opponents. Budgets which had been heralded as perfect specimens of the Balanced Budget were ruthlessly shown to have been pure make-believe. The necessity for a foreign credit was emphasized, and a foreign credit is impossible without paying the foreign debts. The deputies appear to have blinked like a man hit between the eyes and to have said nothing. M. Caillaux's frankness was devastating. The agreements with Britain and the United States must be ratified; then the foreign credit can be obtained; then the Budget can be balanced and the franc stabilized; and then France can take her rightful place among solvent countries. But in order to achieve all this, the Government must be given full powers to dispense with the cumbrous procedure of Parliament. It is now for M. Tardieu and his friends to digest this dose of plain-speaking and make up their minds. If it is decided that M. Caillaux is not to have his "full powers" the Briand Government will have fallen before this appears in print, in which event the prospects of French financial recovery would become desperate.

Ordinarily it is better for the Press of this country to refrain from anything that looks like championship of a particular party in Dominion politics, but it is impossible for believers in the Imperial ideal to be neutral in the lamentable controversy initiated in Canada by Mr. Mackenzie King. On a dispassionate view of all the circumstances, it is difficult to see how Lord Byng could have acted otherwise than he did in refusing a dissolution to Mr. Mackenzie King before the capacity of the Dominion Parliament to yield a stable ministry had been fully tested, and in granting a dissolution to Mr. Meighen when it had become plain that no alternative ministry could command a permanent working majority. Eager for a grievance, Mr. Mackenzie King and his associates and certain of their newspapers are exploiting this in the most reckless manner. Thanks to them, the question is no longer one of domestic politics, on which we would be reticent: it is asserted that the Dominion has been reduced to the level of a Crown Colony, and broadly hinted that the relations between the Canadian and the Imperial Government must be revised from the very base.

The Conservative view of the matter is put, though with a pungency which we are not called upon to reproduce, by the *Montreal Gazette* in its remark that in unfurling the flag of separation Mr. Mackenzie King is merely displaying his true colours. He protests that for a Governor-General to refuse a dissolution when asked for it by a Prime Minister is a denial of self-government. Pat on his protest comes the important official correspondence relating to the appointment of State Governors in Australia, with the plain statement by the Attorney-General of Victoria that such refusal is perfectly "well settled law." The same doctrine was laid down by Lord Harcourt, as Secretary of State for the Colonies, in 1914. What Mr. Mackenzie King is challenging is not any erratic or improper action by Lord Byng, but the constitutional principles governing Canadian relations with the Imperial Government. Unless he imposes a check on himself, he will be carried by this agitation further than even he would wish

to go, and into a downright campaign for separation.

The Pilsudski Press in Warsaw has opened an amazing campaign for a greater Poland. It was one of the profoundest sayings of Anatole France that in the remaking of Europe "there is too much glory to go round." Poland before 1772 included Danzig and parts of East Prussia. The Pilsudski Press, therefore, demands their immediate return to their rightful owners. But Moscow was occupied by the Poles in 1610. Why not claim Moscow? And all Poland belonged once to the Grand Dukes of Lithuania. Should Poland surrender itself to Kovno? The whole argument is so ridiculous that it would be unworthy of comment if it did not appear under the auspices of Poland's Dictator, and if it was not accompanied by a demand for a Poland armed to the teeth, where every man is a soldier and every woman on the reserve. It is only natural that such talk as this should arouse resentment, if not alarm, in Germany. The return of Alsace-Lorraine to France has never caused a tenth of the bitterness that the Polish Corridor and the partition of Upper Silesia caused. The position of Poland has been precarious ever since the episodes of Vilna, White Russia and Eastern Galicia. It is extraordinary that the Poles still cannot realize that force will not save them. Only by turning their neighbours into friends will the Republic survive.

Abyssinia seems to be moving along the road already taken by Morocco and other parts of the world which are poor in civilization and rich in raw materials. The Anglo-Italian Notes, exchanged last December, have just been published. Britain recognizes an exclusive Italian sphere of economic influence in the West of Abyssinia. Italy admits our interest in Lake Tsana and the waters which are so important for the irrigation of the Sudan. This agreement has been drawn up without consultation of Abyssinia itself, which might be supposed to have some say in its own affairs. The two Powers go even further. They agree, with some cynicism, to co-operate in persuading Abyssinia to accept this arrangement. In the meantime France is interested as the third party to the 1906 Treaty, which assigned her a field of exploitation. France is inclined to stand up for the rights of Abyssinia just as Germany before the war, and Italy after, stood up for the rights of Morocco. If this championship is successful it will naturally expect to be rewarded with economic concessions. So Abyssinia will lose either way. Meanwhile, the concession-hunters conveniently forget that the kingdoms of the Queen of Ethiopia form an independent member of the League of Nations, and we have the unpleasant spectacle of three members of the League dividing a fourth member into exclusive economic zones without even consulting their colleague and, if so harsh a word may be used, victim.

At long last the Government has nerved itself to announce a decision in the matter of Sir Hugh Lane's bequest of pictures to the National Gallery. Ten years have passed in an agitation for the return of the pictures to Dublin in accordance with the unwitnessed codicil to Sir Hugh Lane's will.

But that codicil would no longer be of any avail, since it required Dublin to provide a gallery within five years of the testator's death. Sir Joseph Duveen has provided for us the gallery, which was from first to last Lane's test of goodwill, so that all moral as well as legal rights are London's; but the extreme complaisance of successive Governments to Irish demands has endangered our enjoyment of the benefaction. The committee which finally advised the present Government gave an admirable summary of the facts and arguments, concluded that if Lane were alive it is London he would favour, and recommended the compromise which was offered to Lady Gregory and her friends at the outset, namely, a generous share in the pictures by way of loan. Unfortunately it is the Irish way to prefer a grievance to a settlement, so it is still uncertain whether they will hug the shadow and refuse the substance.

Mr. Peabody's petition to the President of the United States has been denied publicity by a great many of the American papers, but there seems reason to believe that the opinions it expresses are held, in a milder form, by no small number of his countrymen. He contends that the Allies are being obliged to repay money advanced for American security and defence; that the Allies did America's fighting for her to such an extent that they saved her no less than £5,500,000,000; and that it is "mean and un-American" not to cancel war debts. There is not the least chance of the petition producing any practical result, but it means something to this country and the other Allies that the truth about the war debts should be uttered so plainly and generously as it has been by Mr. Peabody.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, though by no means lacking in courage, has seldom departed from the apostolic precept of letting his moderation be known unto all men. That "moderation" has never been more in evidence than in the Archbishop's statement to the Church Assembly this week on the subject of Prayer Book revision. In effect, we are no wiser than we were before, and the "conclusions" reached by the House of Bishops on such hotly-debated questions as Reservation or the legality of the Eucharistic vestments must still remain matters for speculation. Churchmen, as a whole, will not, we think, be disposed to complain. In the present embittered state of ecclesiastical opinion a definite move either to the left or to the right might well prove the precursor to disruption, and there are doubtless many who will be grateful to the Archbishop for his policy of masterly and sympathetic inactivity.

The Foundling Estate Protection Association has arranged for a public meeting in the Kingsway Hall on Thursday, July 15, at 8 p.m., at which schemes for the preservation of building, grounds and adjacent squares will be discussed. It is hoped that among the speakers will be Sir William Beveridge, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Beresford Chancellor and Mr. D. S. MacColl. The name of Sir Gregory Foster among the Vice-Presidents suggests that the interests of London University will not be overlooked: indeed, the

chief hope for preservation lies in the possibility of building and site being taken over for the uses of the University, now that a bone of contention, the site offered by the Government near the British Museum, has been returned to its owner. The Foundling site has many advantages, including the existence of buildings ready-made for use as administrative offices. The cost of providing such buildings was one of the reasons for declining the Government's offer.

Cambridge athletes are in great form at present, and in all their larger engagements with Oxford they have had the best of it. The Cambridge eleven was expected to win at Lord's and it did not disappoint its friends. But it (and the rival team) kept the spectators in prolonged suspense. The fortunes of the game curvated as ferociously as the track of the scenic-railway; there was just enough sunshine on the Tuesday to make a sullen wicket turn spiteful and the light was generally bad. Small wonder that it was a bowlers' match, in which no innings reached two hundred. There were plenty of incidents, beginning with the menace of a Cambridge collapse and going on to the actuality of a Cambridge hat-trick. The Light Blue bowler Meyer, who frightened the Australians earlier on and was talked of as a possible Test player, did little; but his colleagues, and notably Lowe, did quite enough to keep Oxford down on this as on other fields.

In these days it takes a humorist to tell the truth. Mr. E. V. Knox, greatly daring, has ventured to question some of the alleged blessings of modern science. "The man who dreamed of flying," he is reported to have said, "saw himself rising where he would and flying on shining wings. Instead of that he had to go to Croydon, be shut in a tiny box with windows, then he was sick, then he was terrified, and then he was in Paris." These words are well worth pondering. It cannot too often be asserted that going to a place does not necessarily imply arriving at anywhere, nor will a tour around the world avail a man much unless he is able to survey the scenes he travels through with "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude." There are not lacking indications that the progress of mechanical invention has but served to blind us to the finer things of life.

It is never safe to say that a season will be remembered for what at the moment seems its distinguishing characteristic; in retrospect it may show others. But there does appear to be some likelihood that the London season of 1926 will be recalled as that in which began the revival of dinner parties given at home. Entertaining at restaurants can never seriously decline, for few people have the domestic staff requisite for success in giving large parties. But it is clear that the ability to give dinners at home is now regarded as conferring more distinction than has attached to it since Victorian days. The revival is to be welcomed. It makes for a social atmosphere more restful and more conducive to recovery of the lost art of conversation; and, to consider the matter from the point of view of the gourmet, it permits of certain pleasures which the best of restaurants cannot offer.



## LABOUR'S OPPORTUNITY

NOT since the war has one subject straddled over politics as the coal dispute has done in the last few weeks. For days together Parliament has been allowed to think and talk of nothing else. On the whole the Government is coming well through it. There was a time last week when it looked for the moment as though the mineowners had partly captured the Government, and to many anxious Conservatives there seemed to be less genuine indignation in the theatrical denunciations of the Labour men than glee over a Government mistake that might cover their own. Later the hysterical violence of the Labour attacks convinced many that the trade unionists were more afraid of a cleavage in their own ranks than of anything else, and were shouting to keep up their own spirits. Since then two things have happened which have encouraged progressive Conservatives and should disarm the opposition at any rate of moderate Labour. The precise meaning of Mr. Baldwin's speech last week was much disputed, and Mr. Churchill on the Friday diluted the neat spirit with an intolerable amount of watery explanation. But the impression remains that Mr. Baldwin does not intend that the Eight Hours Bill should bar any other ways to settlement, and that if the parties could agree on other terms, he, for one, would rather throw over the Bill than keep it. And this impression has been deepened by the events of this week. The Yorkshire mineowners, in offering wages on the basis of an eight hour day, took the opportunity of varying to the disadvantage of the men their lien on 87 per cent. for wages. That was directly contrary to the undertaking which Mr. Baldwin had secured from the mineowners on April 30 last, that they would accept the national principle. Apparently the Yorkshire mineowners thought that the district variations in wages invalidated this national ratio of 87 to 13, but Mr. Baldwin speedily undeceived them. Lord Cecil threatened to hold up the Eight Hours Bill if they persisted in this course, and the mineowners gave way. That is a clear proof that Mr. Baldwin does not conceive the Eight Hours Bill as a surrender to the owners, but merely as an alternative option that may lessen the reduction of wages. It illustrates once more the fact that Mr. Baldwin has rendered more practical service to the miners than have any of their leaders.

The faults of the Labour Party during the crisis are obvious to all of us. There are times when the supreme political virtue is an honesty that does not shrink from criticizing party, friends and allies. It is notorious that a deep schism runs through Labour, and that a small minority in the trade unionist movement are abusing their position to the detriment alike of trade unionism, of the economic welfare of the country and of the political aims of the constitutional Labour Party. That the moderate men know and resent this state of affairs was shown at the recent meeting of the railwaymen. Unfortunately they are too much enamoured of the policy of yielding to conquer. They sulk when they ought to be combative; they are afraid of openly combating the evils that they deplore in trade unionism; and, above all, anxious to keep the united front even when there is no

union. Candour is necessary for political health, and it is that conviction which has led us to express quite openly the doubts that we felt about certain tendencies in the Conservative Party which seemed to obstruct the free development of Mr. Baldwin's ideas, and even to criticize certain aspects of the Eight Hours Bill. No one likes the Bill except the immediate circle of the mineowners; at the same time no one is in a position to deny that some extension of hours, if it can be secured by consent, may be useful and even necessary in certain districts. The Report of the Commission, hostile as it was to a general eight hours day, was not against district arrangements by consent. But there is all the difference between an Eight Hours Bill introduced by the Government in the course of the dispute and arrangements between the parties on the basis of an eight hours day to which the Government might afterwards give legality. Admittedly, the production of the Bill in the circumstances was a gamble, the result of which depended not so much on the facts of the case as on its psychological effect. It might unite the miners in fiercer though hopeless opposition. It might, on the other hand, merely clean the slate so that the parties might write on it a new and fairer agreement. No settlement by consent was possible, but only the dictation of terms of defeat, so long as the mineowners thought that they had the Government in their power and the miners believed that the Government had definitely gone over to the other side and had ceased to be impartially trying to do their best for both sides and for the country as well as for the industry. The value of the episode with the Yorkshire mineowners cannot from this point of view be overestimated. It should incline both sides to moderation and open up a chance that the Government may help to a peace by consent.

Mr. Baldwin has always insisted that the Government cannot impose a peace on the parties against their will. It can only create a favourable atmosphere and watch for its opportunities, at the same time taking precautions for the maintenance of essential services and for the protection of the interests of non-combatants in the struggle. It was a just observation of the Home Secretary's on Wednesday last that non-combatants had their rights as well as the belligerents. The Government can now claim with reason that both on April 30 and since it has exercised a restraining influence on the mineowners and caused them to abandon their extreme terms and secured concessions in favour of the miners. It has even used the Eight Hours Bill as an instrument to obtain these concessions, much as retaliation is sometimes advocated as a means to fairer conditions of international trade. Nor, despite the gibes of the Labour men, has the Conservative Party as a whole shown itself to be a mineowners' party. Surely if the Labour Party were in a healthy state it should now be in a position to make some return from its own side? The interests of Mr. Baldwin and the Labour moderates are politically on parallel lines. Mr. Baldwin wants the Conservative Party to be a means of combating the class war and of building up a new unity between classes, a new association for the good of the country as a whole. The best of the Labour men want the same objects from their own angle. It would be a misfortune to them if the conception of



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politics as a class war prevailed, just as it would be a blow to Mr. Baldwin's hopes of the future if it could truthfully be said that the Conservatives were a party of masters only. If the strike goes on to the bitter end, it will by general consent inflict a blow on the country from which it will take years to recover. But its political and party results will be no less disastrous. If Mr. Cook were to prevail, Mr. Wheatley would supersede Mr. MacDonald as leader in a week, and the whole development of the Parliamentary Labour movement would be changed. If, on the other hand, the dispute is fought out to the complete crushing of the miners, the Parliamentary and constitutional movement will be blamed for its failure.

Labour is wrong, and acting against its own interests, in fiercely assailing Mr. Baldwin and the Conservative Party. Its best—indeed its only—service would be to do with its own wild men what Mr. Baldwin has done with his. If it can restrain its wild men as successfully as Mr. Baldwin has checked his reactionaries, a peace by consent will not be long delayed. The next move is with the Labour moderates, and great as their difficulties are, they are not insuperable if tackled earnestly and above all promptly.

## THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

*House of Commons, Thursday*

THE week opened with the introduction by Mr. Chamberlain of legislation to deal with the state of affairs that has arisen in West Ham owing to the prodigality of the Guardians. From the figures that he gave and the incidents that he referred to, it would appear that the Augean stables were as spick and span as a man-of-war in comparison with the administration of the poor law in West Ham. The whole question of the poor law will be dealt with in a comprehensive measure next year, but the case of West Ham was too bad to brook delay. A melancholy picture it was that Mr. Chamberlain presented of reckless expenditure, corruption and nepotism. To many it will appear to be the logical conclusion of democracy. If the majority without qualification are to select their rulers, and if the majority are poor, they will, it has often been argued, select those who promise to give them money. Hitherto this country has been spared the logical conclusion of democracy owing to what, in moments of self-congratulation, we are accustomed to call the "political genius" of our race. In West Ham the political genius of our race has broken down.

\* \*

Mr. Wheatley was upon this occasion the principal spokesman of the Labour Party. He argued that the action of the Government was playing into the hands of the Communists, who would thus be enabled to prove their contention that under democratic institutions so soon as any real assistance was given to the poor the capitalist government intervened and reversed the process. It might, however, be argued that a much more valuable weapon would be handed to the opponents of democracy if the authorities of West Ham and similar districts were allowed to proceed unchecked until they reached their inevitable goal, first municipal and finally national bankruptcy.

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After this bill had been disposed of late on Monday night the House returned to the consideration of the Emergency Regulations. With a regretful sigh

members settled down to the prospect of an all-night sitting. Scenes are not unusual in the course of these long ordeals, when in the early hours of the morning tempers grow short and tired men use hard words. There are scenes also of another kind, scenes of comedy, when dignified politicians are betrayed by slumber into adopting positions that are without dignity. Often the head falls forward, sometimes it slopes sideways until it finds a pillow for repose on the shoulder of a neighbour, who is also for the moment blissfully oblivious of his responsibilities as a member of the Mother of Parliaments. Occasionally from these unconscious figures music rises—regular but unharmonious. A humorist inquires of the Chairman whether the Honourable Member is in order in intervening in the debate with sounds that are not intelligible. Tired men laugh easily and the laughter is increased when the sleeper opens his eyes and gazes round him with the helpless and innocent bewilderment of the suddenly awakened. In this atmosphere of good humour the debate seems to be dwindling to its death. Only one speaker rises to continue it, and already members are beginning to think of the sheets that are awaiting them. But the luckless orator lets fall a peccant phrase that banishes the smiles from his opponents' faces, produces a volley of angry interruptions, and, when he resumes his place, half a dozen spring to their feet who, a few minutes earlier, would have gone to bed gladly.

\* \*

But when it is all over the House usually separates in a spirit of good fellowship. To face ordeals together, as was discovered in the war, helps men to understand one another and to make those compromises without which society becomes impossible. An all-night sitting is something of an ordeal for men who have hard work to do all day. And when in the grey dawn they meet in Palace Yard some of them certainly experience, if only momentarily, the sensation of comradeship that springs from difficulties and dangers that have been shared. Those who have been assailing one another in none too temperate language over a far less important matter, vie with each other in courtesy over declining the last taxi, and part with a cheerful "good night" which one of them is always witty enough to correct to "good morning."

FIRST CITIZEN

## ANY BOY TO HIS FIRST LOVE

BY EDWARD DAVISON

MY dear, you will remember this  
When some new lover leans to kiss  
The lips that vowed by star and tree  
Never to turn away from me.  
You will remember that strange time  
When our new love began to climb  
And took the stars by force and sang  
Till all the heaven around us rang.  
You will remember, but not tell,  
How this delight of ours befell,  
And how incredulous we were  
That love could wither in a year,  
Or lips so brave as ours find breath  
To cry a truce to aught save Death.  
You will not tell a word of this  
Most miserable cowardice  
That might proclaim how life belies  
The promises in Beauty's eyes.  
But he will kiss your eyes and hair  
And see your face and find you fair  
Till Lethe flows through breast and limb  
And you forget me, loving him.

## M. TARDIEU'S REAPPEARANCE

[FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT]

**A**CHILLES'—or was it Hector's?—boast, "You shall see now I am back," would not be inapt in the case of M. André Tardieu: nobody can pretend to ignore the fact that he is back. He is no leader, he has none of the magnetism which both M. Herriot and M. Louis Marin possess, along with deep knowledge of politics and politicians, but he cannot help leading opinion. He always did so. A brilliant scholar at the Ecole Normale and at the Ecole des Sciences Politiques he insisted on trying the diplomatic service in the same spirit in which M. Bergson first tackled mathematics in order to equip himself for philosophy; all the time he acted as secretary at Petersburg he knew he was only qualifying himself, in a superior degree, for a journalistic career. In fact, no sooner was he on the staff of *Le Temps* than not only were his leaders on foreign affairs—signed Villiers—more remarkable than anybody else's, but he lifted up the whole school of writers on these subjects to a prominence they had never obtained in France. Long before entering the Chamber he was a power there because he, almost alone, knew foreign politics, and he virtually dictated to politicians interested in those questions.

There was, I remember, a flicker of surprise when—at the time of the Moroccan difficulty, and, later on, when it was settled through the Congo bargain—the negotiations were positively carried on by M. Tardieu writing in *Le Temps* and, on the German side, by the *Kreuz Zeitung*; but in a few days this new kind of diplomacy was pronounced the best. There was, on the contrary, no surprise during the war when he was sent over to America in a position which made M. Jusserand's difficult. Nobody there seemed to love him passionately, but I seldom met with anybody who did not respect and admire him. It cannot be doubted that his influence on the French side was, during the peace negotiations, unequalled. Certainly he approved and still approves of all the main conclusions of the Treaty, not excepting its defence of German unity and its tendencies in the Austrian question. His history of the Treaty, however, is not by any means a personal *apologia*, but the work of a man who was originally trained for explaining and narrating.

After the war he and M. Maudel, as supporters of Clemenceau, were the junior members of the triumvirate and realized it. A school destitute of all gentleness, this, but how much power it showed! Three times M. Tardieu has refused office, but you may be certain it was not from modesty. Nobody can be surer of himself than he is, and his manner, his terse sharp way of expressing himself, the very cut of his unbending concentrated features show it. He realizes that some people reach elevation when they reach office, while others do not.

Two men were exceptionally missed in the Chamber after the election of 1924, M. Tardieu and M. Forgeot; yet neither belonged to a party proper, but both knew how to be illuminating, and this accounts for the welcome given M. Tardieu after his recent re-election. His success at the first sitting in which M. Briand presented the Cabinet came from the same cause. Four or five men had monopolized the afternoon when M. Tardieu, in less than six minutes, asked the vital question, the one question which everybody wished he had asked: Was another loan going to be negotiated in America? and, in one instant, had the fate of the new Cabinet in his hand. There is little doubt but that the same circumstances will reappear. M. Tardieu is a formidable man in opposition.

## ON THE WAYS OF NEWSPAPERS

By D. S. MACCOLL

**T**HESE observations are made in a friendly, if critical, spirit, but I am not quite sure to whom. Editors, when you get at them, are reasonable men, who know quite as well as I do, or better, what is wrong with their papers. Proprietors, if you ever get at them, do not seem to mean any harm, timid and superstitious as they may be. But these great or good people have so little influence. They have a front place, but it is like that of wanderers carried along on the cow-catcher of an express, and the man who really runs the train is much too deaf with the roar of his engines and his pride in them to listen to anything you or I may say. Perhaps he is not one person, but rather a visiting demon, who possesses now one, now another; but we sometimes do catch fleeting glimpses of his avatars. He is, for example, described as a Bright Young Man from somewhere or other, who has taken a paper in hand and brought it up to date. This is apt to mean that a good editor has been dismissed, and a good paper suppressed. The paper was doing very well; it had a character of its own, but a limited, and very properly limited, circulation, because it was read by the people who liked it. But the Advertisement, I beg its pardon, the Publicity Department, began to grumble: it dreamed of new worlds to conquer, of record sales, of stunts and scoops and booms; it called to the Bright Young Man, and that enthusiast, like the exploiter-fly that settles on a "beauty-spot" and "develops" it by abolishing the beauty, made hay of the paper's old character and rendered it as like all the others as he could. The Bright Young Man believes he knows what the public wants. He does so only in the sense that his brother of the furniture and ornament shops does. There is a vast dejected humble public that cannot tell what it wants, but might recognize the desirable thing, were it on sale; as it is not there, they suffer the supercilious incitements of the shop-walker, miserably capitulate, and come away with what they shyly loathe but have been persuaded is "the thing." So with the papers. The "public" takes apathetically what is foisted upon it: the "publics," the groups who know what they want, are not allowed to have it.

I will not linger over the "features" that are introduced, pestilential stuff like the Ladies' Page or Children's Corner; the kind of novel that is run as a serial, Nature Notes, the small beer of school sports, representations for the thousandth time of the King and Queen or Prime Minister in improbable photographic action, or, still worse, photographs of scenery. How a single drawing reproduced, whether portrait, illustration or caricature, turns the photos to evasive fluff! Fashions, sermons, verse, except topical, are matter for special publications, not for newspapers. And I wonder whether even the devotee of those activities reads through columns once a week of a general twaddling character upon subjects like golf or bridge.

All this can be hastily dropped, with the advertisement pages, and does not greatly matter, except as it encroaches on the proper business of

a paper, which is first News, second Information, and third Opinion, in its double parts of Criticism and Propaganda. News we have lavishly enough, if in strange proportions. The belief of the reporter that what is "exclusive" is, therefore, important and palpitating has damaging effects upon events a half-hour old, and the sub-editor's savage cuts at matter in speeches and debates that might claim a sustained five minutes' attention makes havoc of their significance. If one happens to know something about a subject the newspaper's account of it is apt to appear fantastic; but that, after all, is true of history at large. Those who follow home and foreign affairs at all closely say that news is becoming less pure and more "tendencious." Some time ago there was a discussion on this subject in the *Morning Post* by Mr. St. Loe Strachey and (was it Lord Riddell?), but the duellists performed such long ceremonial and propitiatory dances round one another that no blood was drawn and little illumination resulted. Information comes off a very bad second. The journalist was formerly expected to know or get up his subject; now he interviews supposed authorities by telephone, and naturally gets it wrong. Opinion, to be of value, must be based on information; in the absence of that it must be non-committal or haphazard.

Am I becoming too fierce and jaundiced as I write? I gladly admit survivals of old qualities. The evening Press has been sadly reduced by the death of the old *Westminster* and *Pall Mall*, but there are still morning papers spacious enough to find room for information and for discussion of the arts and sciences as well as politics, and there are still some writers in them who write. For what is not submerged by the rising tide I am grateful. Nor did I begin this article with the intention of a general attack, but rather to remonstrate about two or three annoying habits.

Two of them are matters of form. The first grew up with the war. When news was censored and scanty, it became the custom to make the most of it by printing enormous head-lines, followed by sub-headings. By these the poor little item was already pretty well exhausted. But they were followed by the news, in a special type, told in the paper's own words. Then at length came the official bulletin, the tiny kernel of so much print. That was followed by a conscientious digestion of the morsel by a so-called "military expert," and finally in a leader the imperceptible cud was again solemnly chewed. Now that matter is more abundant something of the ritual has been abandoned, but the heavy head-lines and sub-headings survive, and the summaries, very much in the vein of the lengthy explanations that are thought indispensable for the legend beneath a graphic joke. More annoying is the practice of beginning all the chief subjects on a single page, and at the head of a column. The result is that no article is allowed to run from the bottom of one column to the top of another, perhaps not even from one page to the next. "Continued on p. so-and-so" interrupts the flow, and one either wastes time in the search, or drops the subject in disgust. Surely a reader may be trusted to turn the pages and make his choice.

These are matters of form: I come to my substantial grumble. It is this: No one man can read all the papers; not many of us can regularly

read more than one. Now to be satisfactory, quite apart from its opinions, that one paper should be a mirror of all important issues as they are daily raised, even if they happen to be first raised and discussed in another paper. Unfortunately there is a tradition of *amour propre* which tends to reduce and bedim the mirror. There is even a make-believe that other papers do not exist or are nameless, like Grigalach. At the most "a contemporary" or "a certain quarter" is obscurely alluded to. There is much less of this ignoring in the French Press; some of the papers quote, from advance proofs, one another's views, as the evening papers occasionally do from the morning papers, with us. I wish we could see a change in this respect. The ideal is a frank conversation, a brisk exchange of views about important topics, with no fighting shy of one of them because it was first launched in "another quarter" or is not "exclusive." The most difficult question is that of correspondence. The "letter to *The Times*" is an historic institution, but one of which other papers are naturally rather jealous. It is a convenience that there should be a recognized forum where the individual can unburden himself to the public and be subsequently corrected by other speakers, who might elsewhere not have heard his voice. Simultaneous publication would get over some difficulties, but not all, because the protagonists might never meet, expending their fire in different papers. The best solution I can think of is for each paper to summarize, on the following day, any important correspondence appearing in the others: circulations will not be affected, and we shall all be enlivened. Many years ago, after a conversation with Prof. Max Müller, I induced the *Pall Mall Gazette* to do something of the kind. Stead's *Review of Reviews* was another application of the same idea. An *Evening Review*, giving the substance of the morning papers for busy people, might have money in it.

## NOT HAVING THE TOURIST MIND

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

THE other day I learned by chance that a certain friend of mine had told another and newer friend of mine that I had "the tourist mind." This observation made me very angry indeed. If it had been worlds away from the truth, if I had been described as a drug slave or one who took pleasure in beating little children, I should not have been so angry, but the judgment was one of those that only narrowly miss the truth and are therefore the most dangerous and most irritating of all. You may depend upon it that I have not the tourist mind, but my desires are such that a stupid person might easily imagine that I had. This friend is not stupid, but he is so pre-occupied with his drawing and painting, shapes and colours, and the outside of things generally, that he cannot understand fine shades of character and, like all his tribe, has no philosophy. He does not know what this tourist mind is that he talks of so glibly (the word "glibly" has no real meaning here, but it produces the requisite contemptuous effect) and he does not know the first



thing about this mind of mine that he would try to label in his prattle. Let it be admitted that I am in love with travel, that I can dream over maps and discover a magic in shipping notices and railway time-tables, that there are few occasions when I would not rather pack a bag and be off than do anything else in the world. Does it follow, then, that I have the tourist mind? That would be a babyish conclusion: life is not so simple as that; it is not—I would beg my friend to remember—a woodcut.

To have the tourist mind is to see this world as a museum. That is the reason why the tourist is so unpopular, a creature to be mulcted and then despised or even hated. Not only does he prefer dead things to the roaring stream of life, but he also contrives, with his gorgonish stare, to petrify the living, turning them into so many labelled curiosities. In the burgeoning tragi-comedy of a city he can see nothing beyond a collection of sights. I am not of this persuasion. I could not see even one tiny corner of this wide breathing world as a museum. Partly from laziness and partly from a prejudice against staring and poking about, on the one hand, and being one of an admiring but driven herd, on the other, I never see the sights. Maps I love, but guide-books are my detestation. A list of things that must be seen in a strange town immediately roots me to my chair or merely sends me to the nearest café, theatre or bookshop. Few men on earth, I imagine, have missed more sights than I have. Cathedrals, historic houses, museums, picture galleries have all remained round the corner unglimped while I have idled about, wondering where all the waiters came from or buying strange odds and ends I did not want. The only battlefields I have ever visited were those I saw when the battles themselves were in progress, ordinary fields and lanes suddenly grown terrible, thick sown with death. This subject of sightseeing has compelled me to do more downright lying than any other. Let us say I admit that I spent a night or two in the famous old town of Pomme de Terre or Kartoffeln. Then, of course, the bores exclaim, I saw such and such a sight, the wonderful this, the marvellous that. If I tell them the truth, namely, that I never set eyes on the one, never went near the other, then they will begin: "What, you were two days in Pomme de Terre (or Kartoffeln) and never saw the such and such! Why . . . !" and off they will go, for at least five and twenty crawling minutes, telling me what I missed. Thus there is nothing for it but to lie and to say that I saw everything I was expected to see, and that it surpassed all expectation.

But I would rather go on lying, which becomes easier and easier somehow as the years hurry by, than go trailing about with a guide-book in my hand, collecting sights. It is very curious that I should have energy enough for most pursuits, but that half an hour's sightseeing is too much for me. As soon as my curiosity has lost its fine edge—and half an hour is quite long enough for that—weariness descends upon me, so that I can hardly totter the length of the cathedral nave or crawl past the ranged Madonnas to the museum entrance. When I think of being tired, when there come back to my mind the moments when all my strength was spent, I do not remember the last shattering minutes of the football field, the moun-

tain slope, the line of march, but I see again that table on which the peace was signed or those mummies and vases and antique heads or that wonderful West Front or that smallest church or largest town hall in Europe; once more the endless marble corridors are torturing my feet and the hours stretch out between me and the next meal-time; and again in remembrance I am aching before the sights. This explains why I only visited the Wembley Exhibition once, and that only for a couple of hours or less during the very last week. At the very mention of that vast conglomeration of things that really ought to be seen, things that were an education in themselves, I used to feel rather tired, and when people insisted, as they always did insist, upon describing their visits to me, it was not long before I ached in every limb. There, evidently, was the tourist's Paradise, and no place for me. So I stayed quietly at home, not so many miles away, until the very last week, when everybody seemed to be going there to do a little shopping. Then I went with the other shoppers, walked through a sad concrete town, dived through a door and found myself in Nigeria. There I bought, for no reason that I could ever discover afterwards, a wooden Mumbo Jumbo about eighteen inches high that looked not unlike Chirgwin and really smelled of Africa. He is now stored away somewhere in a London furniture repository and at this very moment may be lying at the bottom of a packing case working black magic.

No, the truth is that my mind is not the tourist's, but one somewhere between the traveller's and the tripper's. I might be described as a poetical tripper. It is the enchantment of distance and strange names on the map that holds me, and not the promise of sights. The atlas and not the guide-book is my inspiration. I have a boyish delight in the thought of enormous journeys, beginning at the front door and ending somewhere at the other side of the world. The least thing will set me longing to be off. Only the other day, a whole morning's work was lost to me because I had caught sight of a tiny advertisement of a shipping company, which informed traders that its ships now sailed from Manchester—of all places—through the Panama Canal to California. I saw myself going to Manchester and hurrying through its drab streets until I suddenly turned a corner and beheld, as if by magic, masts and smoke stacks; I saw myself crossing a gangway and then sliding out of Manchester down the Ship Canal for the distant glare of Colon and Panama; I saw myself sitting on a hatch that night with the mate or the second engineer, talking of our golden coast of California over a pipe or two of cut plug. All these and other things I saw, and I ached to be gone. I am under no illusion about such voyages and distant places, both of which I can readily conceive to be uncomfortable, dull and disappointing; but the magical gleam of far travel to places with names like a pageant does not fade from my mind.

One of the duller evenings I have ever spent in my life was passed in San José, the capital of Costa Rica, a town perched on the Pacific slope of the Central American Andes, but I do not regret it, having known the rapturous thought of travelling there. It is one of the few disadvantages of life in this island of

ours that the railways cannot achieve this glamorous appeal. Inverness is the most they can manage, and it is not good enough for me. If I lived in New York, however, I should have to hurry past the railway stations, for there you may take a train for the very blue. I noticed the other day an advertisement of a train that roared you from the Hudson to Vera Cruz on the Mexican Gulf, a whole world away. I can well imagine that such a journey would be intolerably dull and that Vera Cruz is a baked misery of a town, but nevertheless if I lived in New York, sooner or later I should board that train, after being almost idiotically happy poring over epic time-tables. Never in my life, I think, did I envy a man so much as I did that nameless one who, when I asked him where he was going, said very quietly: "Up the Orinoco." It was just as if, with a touch on a spring, he had suddenly released a vast glittering pageant of far travel and fantastic destinations, of multi-coloured seas and blowing whales and flying fish, of coasts like bronze and steaming rivers in the jungle and brown faces chattering in an unknown tongue. I think of him now as the only anonymous poet I have ever encountered.

## A SHORT LIFE OF DISRAELI\*

By A. A. B.

MR. BUCKLE'S 'Life of Disraeli' is perhaps the best, and certainly the longest biography in the language. But few people in these days of scrambling sensuality will buy six volumes and still fewer will read them. A short and therefore popular 'Life of Disraeli' was overdue, and Sir Edward Clarke, an energetic octogenarian, has done that which so many are always trying to do—he has supplied a want. The completeness of Mr. Buckle's work makes it very difficult for after-comers. The reaping has been so thorough that there is little left for gleaners. Sir Edward Clarke does not pretend that his biography is much more than a selection from Mr. Buckle, with such additions as his long and distinguished service to the Tory Party in the House of Commons and on the platform have enabled him to gather. To compress six volumes into one is perhaps the most difficult literary feat that a writer can accomplish. And if there is not a great deal of new matter about Disraeli, the different point of view of an ex-Solicitor-General lends fresh interest to old facts. Mr. Sichel, Mr. Buckle, Mr. E. T. Raymond are men whose trade is letters, and whose workshop is the library. A political lawyer sees with other eyes.

What strikes me most forcibly in re-reading this brief account of Disraeli's early struggles is his almost superhuman energy, his irrepressible vitality, that neither illness, nor debts, nor disappointments could quench. He had written five novels, 'Vivian Grey,' 'The Young Duke,' 'Contarini Fleming,' 'Henrietta Temple,' and 'Venetia,' speculated and lost on the Stock Exchange, tried to found a newspaper, and fought four unsuccessful elections, before at the age of thirty-three he was brought in for Maidstone by the rich senior member, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, whose widow he married three years later, and whose portrait he used to show to his friends at Hughenden as that of "my late partner." Many definitions have

been attempted of genius. I think its unmistakable brand is this intense exuberance of spirit. It is the mental power of a clever man multiplied by a hundred. Even the fantastic dress, the green velvet pantaloons, the lace ruffles, the waistcoat chains, the rings over white gloves, were mere efflorescence, not vanity, nor an Oscar Wildean dodge to attract attention. Between 1841 and 1848 were the six years of greatest stress; it was Dizzy's intellectual meridian. He had just been returned for Shrewsbury after a most disagreeable election, in which the town had been placarded with copies of writs against the candidate, and a white-smocked rustic had appeared at a meeting leading an ass "to take 'ee back to Jerusalem." Sir Robert Peel had refused petitions from Disraeli and his wife for a place in the Government, and the outraged genius was conducting that terrible campaign of invective which ruined Peel and split the Tory Party. The speeches can still be read with as much pleasure as the 'Letters of Junius.' In those six years Disraeli wrote and published 'Coningsby,' 'Sybil,' and 'Tancred,' the greatest political novels of all time, one of which, 'Sybil,' has just been issued by the Oxford University Press, as it contains the full doctrine of Tory social reform, which to-day saturates the speeches and writings of Unionist politicians. Gladstone once declared that some saying of Disraeli's was "diabolical." And indeed this demonic fertility awes the most captious into admiration.

The exigencies of space have prevented Sir Edward Clarke from telling the story of the courtship of the wealthy widow, who had about £5,000 a year and a house in Park Lane for life. Of course Dizzy married Mrs. Wyndham Lewis for her money, and equally of course Mary Anne, who was nothing if not forthright, taxed him with it after one of his most flowery love letters. Dizzy's reply was a masterpiece of skill and bluff. He began by admitting that he had originally approached her from interested motives, but that his feeling had changed to passionate love. Besides, he added, he had now a recognized social position, and an income from his books so ample as to render him indifferent to money. He who at the time owed about £30,000, and drew about £700 a year in royalties! Mary Anne saw through it all; she was twelve years older than her lover. But she wanted her man of genius, who wanted the bank account and the house in Mayfair. And when two parties get what they want, what better preparation can there be for affection? The marriage turned out a model of matrimonial felicity, as so many marriages of convenience do. That impudent cad Bernal Osborne once said, "My dear Dizzy, what feeling can you have for that old woman?" "One that is absolutely unknown to your nature, my dear Bernal, that of gratitude," was the quiet reply. Disraeli was always in love with some woman, but he loved with his mind, not his body, as was shown by his senile affairs with the two grandmother countesses, which so amused Schouvaloff. If he was devoted to women, he certainly was greatly helped in his career by women, and the thesis of 'Endymion' was justified by facts. Frances, Marchioness of Londonderry, was of great use to him when he was entering society. "Fanny was true," he writes to his sister, when that great lady had given him a card for some coveted social event. Mrs. Brydges Williams, the quaint old lady at Torquay, half a Jewess, left him £40,000, because he stuck up for "our race." Besides his wife, there were the Sheridan sisters, the Duchess of Somerset, Lady Dufferin and Mrs. Norton, who all helped to boom him. Lastly, there was Queen Victoria, who undoubtedly was, in a sort of a kind of a way, in love with her elderly but gallant Prime Minister.

Sir Edward Clarke gives a brief but interesting account of a transaction which is new to me, and is not, I think, in Mr. Buckle's volumes. After Sir Robert

\* 'Benjamin Disraeli.' By Sir Edward Clarke. Murray. 10s. 6d. net.



Peel's defeat in 1835, Melbourne and Grey thought of a coalition with Peel and Lyndhurst, and Mrs. Norton, at Melbourne's request, employed Disraeli as go-between. The intrigue fell through, luckily for the negotiator. Lucky it was also for Disraeli that Gladstone, Graham and Palmerston each refused his offers of the leadership of the Tories in the House of Commons. Had any one of them accepted, this book would not have been written. Still, as Dizzy has been accused of self-seeking, it is fair to remember that he did make the offers.

## DAR-EL-JINOUN

BY R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

THE sandy Sâhel stretched out for a mile or two along the shore of a sea, never at rest, under the east wind that tormented it, fretting its surface with white tide-rips, that from the beach looked like a flock of gulls. The little Arab town upon its hill, dazzlingly white, but for its slender mosque tower covered with green tiles, its flat-topped houses rising tier on tier, framed in the picture to the west. A jutting cape clothed with a scrubby growth of kermes oak, palmetto and lentiscus, crowned with a mouldering watch tower, cut off the Sâhel from the outside world, upon the east.

Wild mountains rose jagged and serrated to the south, and the low sandy plains where Spain was lost under Don Roderick, shut it in to the north. A grove of fig trees, planted in a circle, rose like an oasis in the thorny vegetation that fringed the sandy grass which ran a quarter of a mile or so in depth, between the foothills and the sea. In the oasis of the fig grove during the noonday heat the Arab herd boys, watching their goats, their scraggy cows, or their lean colts, that still retained, in spite of hunger and in-breeding, something of the grace their ancestors had brought from the Hejaz, or Nejd, played upon flutes cut from a cane or plaited strings out of the fibre of the dwarfish palms. Their plaintive little tunes, quavering and fitful as the singing of a fledgling bird, appealed rather to the soul than to the outward ear. Only Theocritus could have done justice to the scene, when underneath the trees the goats lay dozing, and the colts stood resting a hind leg and swishing their long tails half drowsily, while the boys breathed into their rustic flutes.

Upon a rocky hill that rose out of the waste of gnarled, goat-eaten brushwood still stood the ruins of a castle built by the Portuguese, "in the epoch of their glory." Time had done little to deface it; but the Arabs, always prone to take their goods where they find them, had used it for a quarry. Below it, a few feet above the beach, a deserted battery still held guns, marked with the name of George III, but prone upon the ground, their carriages long ago used to light the shepherds' fires. The cracked cement held tufts of wild flowers, and lizards peered out shyly through the interstices. Beneath the castle lay a Moorish cemetery to mark the resting place of the Mujehadin who had died in battle fighting against the infidel. Its rough, unsculptured stones, that looked as if they had been taken from a Scottish drystone dyke, marked where the dead were sleeping, and warned the horseman who crossed the burial ground at speed, his grave was open for him. Three caroub trees, secular, but green and vigorous, overhung a well. The only trees upon the plain, they had resisted all the fury of the perpetual east wind, that dwarfed and stunted all the other vegetation in its blast. A sluggish little river formed a bar in miniature where it flowed into the sea, at one end of the plain. Salt pans were dug beside its banks, the heaps of salt piled up beside them, dazzlingly white

and scintillating in the sun. The walls of Tingis, a city old when London was a wattled village, were strewn about in piles; but the great docks for galleys built by the Romans, when they had crossed the straits into North Africa still stood intact, though silted up with sand.

Over the whole little plain brooded an air as of an older world, an Arcadia, tempered with an occasional tribal fight or cattle raid, to show that the shepherds were still Arabs, holding as an article of faith that the sword writes plainer than the pen. Still, though the ships of every nationality sailed through the straits all day, only a few miles distant from the coast, the people passed their lives, unchanged since Jacob saw Rebekah, with her jar poised upon her shoulder, waiting at the well. Long lines of white clad figures passed noiselessly along the beach at dawn upon their way to market in the town. They passed so noiselessly, carrying their slippers in their hands, for leather costs more than the skin upon the feet, that when they vanished in the distance only their footsteps in the wet sand showed their reality. All day the long procession from the hills of Angera wended its way toward the town. Men drove their mules and asses, laden with country produce and with firewood, and women staggered, bent double underneath great burdens of straw or broom to heat the ovens in the town.

The tidal rivers barred their way. If they were deep as the tide was making, a man headed the caravan and sounded with a cane. The rushing water piled up on the weather side of the mules, and donkeys struggled through with men holding them up against the stream. The women bravely ventured in, with their clothes tucked up underneath their chins, but saved their modesty by covering their mouths. At eventide the people all returned looking more phantom-like and unsubstantial even than at dawn. The younger men danced on the sands like fauns, and boys threw their curved clubs at rabbits that had come out to graze upon the grass.

When night had once descended and when Sohail, Algol, Altair and all the stars the Arabs named in far Chaldea centuries ago shed their soft beams upon the world, a peace, not passing human understanding, fell upon the plain. The murmur of the surf on the white beach, the quiet of the district with its air of having been untouched since first the Arabs straggled over it upon their way to the Castle of the Crossing when they invaded Spain a thousand years ago, seemed designed to protect it virgin and inviolate, to all eternity. Yet it was destined (who shall divine what Allah has in store even for his faithful?) to see a palace rise beside the well and its three caroub trees. Slowly it rose, not in a night like Jonah's gourd but despite the efforts, laudable enough perhaps taken from the point of view of race preservation, of Spanish workmen to do as little as they could in as much time as possible, the frequent floods that cut off all connexion with the town, and cattle raids that made the roads unsafe to travel for days together. The hedge of aloes planted on a mound, with a deep ditch to seaward, cut off a portion of the plain planted with trees that looked at first destined to shrivel in the fierce east wind that hitherto had triumphed over all vegetation but the lentiscus scrub.

Courtyard succeeded courtyard and by degrees the house itself took shape to the astonishment of the Arabs, who said it was a veritable palace of the Arabian Nights. Built in the Moorish style with battlemented walls so dazzlingly white that the eye at noontide could as little gaze on them as on the sun itself, the name just suited it. A loggia with low arches faced the well and the three caroub trees. So close they grew to the arcaded loggia that they seemed with their leafy canopy part and parcel of the house. Workmen from Fez had decorated several rooms with the same pious sentences and stalactites their ancestors had left in the Alhambra, and when the



lights were lighted they shone through the pierced stucco work, setting the room aglow. When all was finished, the Oriental carpets on the floors, the silver-mounted guns and yataghans, and all the flotsam and the jetsam that Oriental life holds out with both hands to those with taste and money who pass their lives one foot in Europe the other in the East, completed the astonishment of the Moors who visited it. After its first fight with the prevailing wind and when the hedge of cypresses got up, the garden that had arisen out of the bare plain as if by magic was a paradise. Palms and Gravilleas, Camphor and Judas trees, with all the flowering shrubs of every climate, shot up in a few years, and people who remembered the low wind-swept plain to their amazement walked in a shady wood, when they revisited the place. The wind no longer howled, but rustled softly overhead, among the trees. An air of calm and of repose hung over everything, and by the pools in which the goldfish sailed about, sheltered from the sun by the pink water-lilies, Moors used to come and sit with the same sense of great content that the sound of a plashing fountain in the sun induces in their race. The house became a meeting place for all the flower and cream of the strange little town, at that time a miniature Constantinople, with its ambassadors and ministers from every nation upon earth, all with portfolios and no duties to fulfil.

Ladies in European fashions, looking strangely out of place in the surroundings, sat in the Moorish rooms on cushions, their high-heeled shoes refusing to adapt themselves either to the picture or the position as they sat. They strayed about the gardens, asking the names of the exotic plants and straight forgetting them. Some thought it would be quite amusing to live in such surroundings, others deplored the fate of the poor Moorish women, immured for life within four walls. Both attitudes of mind were probably as far removed from what the fair philosophers imagined as was possible. Adjectives that must have exhausted their scant vocabularies as charming, sweet, delicious, lovely, scented the atmosphere with a kind of mental patchouli. One might have thought oneself in a celestial pastrycook's.

Horses were always neighing at the gates. Occasionally they broke loose and fought with one another, rearing and screaming as they pawed the air. Mules dozed patiently under their high red saddles, the boys who held them generally sleeping peacefully seated on the sand. Nor were there wanting incidents to show that Oriental life was as near at hand as that of Europe, with its sauntering ladies and paste-board ministers of Albania, Andorra, San Marino and the other little States, once dear to Offenbach. Raisuli as a young unknown man with but five followers once passed the night, sleeping below the caroub trees around the well, happy to feast upon a sheep procured for him at the nearest aduar. Years afterwards the master of the house, after a long captivity at the hands of the same man whom he had welcomed and who had slept beneath his trees, was liberated under the cover of the night in the grove of fig trees on the plain.

The villages of Sinia and Menár had many a tribal fight, and while they fought inside the house, ladies and gentlemen took tea, admired the curiosities and went into the garden to see if some rare plant or other was in flower. Thus house and garden rose out of the sand, flourished and appeared destined to endure. It was written otherwise, either because Allah was jealous of the little paradise, or because nothing is destined to endure. To-day, fallen from its high estate, dreary and bat haunted, the paint hanging in flakes from the once dazzling walls, the house lies desolate. Across the loggia, the bougainvillea once the glory of the porch, a splash of purple on the whitewashed walls, looking like a stain of wine on a white tablecloth, lies prone and dragged in the dust. The fishponds are all dry, the goldfish dead,

the little rills of water burst and leaking on the paths. The fountain is half full of empty sardine tins and broken bottles. The fruit trees stand neglected and unpruned. Only the palms, their heads in fire, their feet in water, flourish and raise their feathery branches, reminding one of a deserted lighthouse still keeping watch over a ruined port. Grass grows in the court-yards once so full of life, and a green shutter in the house bangs to and fro in the east wind, sounding in the deserted garden like a signal gun booming through a fog. Wild boars root in the beds once tended carefully and stocked with flowers. Even at noontide the place is melancholy. In the long nights when rabbits play about upon the grass and porcupines ramble about among the shrubberies it must be a veritable Dar-el-Jinoun, for only Djinnns could thrive in such a house.

## THE THEATRE A LITTLE HISTORY

BY IVOR BROWN

*A Month in the Country.* By Ivan S. Turgenev. Translated by M. S. Mandell. The Royalty Theatre.

*Antoine and the Théâtre Libre.* By S. M. Waxman. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d. net.

TURGENEV died in Paris in 1883. Antoine, a gas-works clerk, started rehearsals for his Free Theatre in a cabaret billiard-room of the same city in January, 1887. Antoine's simple ambition to create an untheatrical theatre led him into debts and drudgery and honour; it also made him immediately the centre of a first-rate intellectual shindy. There is this to be said for the Parisian: he enjoys a row about the arts and tumbles into the hurly-burly with more speed and spirit than the inhabitants of most other capitals. Antoine was not forced to labour five years in a garret before anyone had heard of him, which would probably have been his fate in London. No sooner had somebody discovered that a little man was wheeling properties about in a barrow in order to act masterpieces in a back-room than the critics and the authors were swarming round him. He may have lacked money, but he never lacked attention, advice, and abuse. To have Zola in the party was, of course, to raise a storm-signal that few could neglect. But Paris is to be favourably regarded as the city which at least took notice, and did so instantaneously when the stirrings of a theatrical revolution were just audible in a side-street of Montmartre.

Yet the story of Antoine and of the Free Theatre spirit which he was to set blowing across a continent is also the proof of the incurable insularity of Western Europe. When Antoine demonstrated that it was possible and desirable to write and produce plays about actual people in a natural way, he was regarded as a hero of innovation. The battle of the established romantics and the realist rebels broke out with a clamour and a blaze of publicity which can only suggest that the Parisian intellectuals who enlisted in one camp or another were totally ignorant of the fact that the whole business had been settled, for any person of comprehension, long before Antoine threw down his gas accounts and took up the scripts of Zola and of Becque. The irony of the situation is remarkable. The victory had been won before the war broke out. The situation had been stormed upon the Eastern Front. But it is the sad fate of Russian armies to work in isolation. Their trumpets ring out across the plain, but the plain is altogether too big for the trumpets. So the distinguished writers who filled columns for and against the naturalism of the new art never realized that there had died in their own city four years ago the man who had perfectly proved Antoine's case.

A modern London audience can now see Turgenev's 'A Month in the Country,' but they will inevitably see it as playgoers who have had fairly ample chances to feed full upon the work of Tchekov. They may complain that it is the same thing over again; that a group of gently futile people carry on a pastoral-philosophical house-party in which hearts crack to the accompaniment of tinkling teacups. Tchekov had his cherry-orchard; in Turgenev's case it is the raspberries that make the horticultural background. Our month in the country is devoted to cards and conversation; there is the customary medical man who, unlike his sharper brethren of the Western world, genially proclaims his incapacity to cure. There is the bubbling love of youth and the jealous love of middle-age. And all the strands of farce and passion are laced together with as delicate an ease as marks the binding of 'The Three Sisters.' Tchekov was a supreme artist, but he was not the pioneer. Turgenev had gone before, and you will find him described as a failure in drama. If 'A Month in the Country' is a failure, so also must 'Uncle Vanya' be set down. It is a case of the parent and the child.

Antoine's war upon tawdry theatricalism and stale romantic gibberings struck his educated contemporaries as novel, and it was by reason of this novelty that his name has run across the world. In a sense, that barrow-load of properties which he pushed up the alleys of Montmartre was a tumbril escorting the ranting *scène-à-faire* to execution. But in the rejection of the obvious theatrical values and in this replacement by observation and plausible human reactions, Turgenev was the earlier pathfinder. In the third act of 'A Month in the Country' there is a scene in a garden-shed into which all sorts of sudden entries are made—the kind of invasions which bring disconcerting discoveries. Pure theatre? Yes, if you like to make it so. But the supremely interesting point about this play is Turgenev's absolute refusal to exploit these situations in the familiar, gaudy way. The confronted parties do not hurl themselves curtainwards into a nice climax of strong talk. They behave with just the awkward good manners, the repressed curiosity and anger that the actual event would certainly evoke. They come in, they are embarrassed, they go out. And where now, one asks, has Sardoodledom got to? Ivan Turgenev had politely kicked it downstairs. Please remember that he was born in 1818 and died in 1883. The enlightened Western capitals only began to turn in nervous revolt against the well-made play after the man who had so effectively pushed it into the waste-paper basket was forgotten as a dramatist altogether.

The greatest genius of the modern theatre, Constantine Stanislavsky, knew better. He was the man who rescued Tchekov from despair, but he knew that the stream of plaintive beauty in Russian drama had other reaches and earlier beginnings. He bestowed upon this play of Turgenev's all the care and consideration in which his patient theatrical passion is so rich. Let me quote from Stanislavsky's own account of the matter:

What directed us toward Turgenev, who has long ago been denied as a dramatist? We needed a play of complex psychology for laboratory work . . . . The lacework of the psychology of love which Turgenev weaves in such a masterly manner demands a special sort of playing on the part of the actors . . . . How was the actor to display his heart to such an extent that the spectator might be able to look into it and read all that was written there? That was a hard scenic problem. It could not be solved by the use of feet or hands or any of the accepted methods of stage presentation. One needed some sort of unseen rayings out of creative will, emotion, longing; one needed eyes, mimetics, hardly palpable intonations of the voice, psychological pauses.

So Stanislavsky set to work. He played Rakitin's part himself, and knew, as the actor, how hard a task in personal suppression the producer was setting. Anyone who has seen the Moscow Art Theatre will know what the great man intends and achieves by that "raving out."

The performance at the Royalty Theatre is therefore an ambitious undertaking. Mr. Michael Sherbrooke, the producer, has certainly disciplined his team. There is no clumsiness, no nonsense. The farcical element comes splendidly off, for Mr. Sherbrooke himself plays with an admirable sense of mischief the genial scamp of a doctor, and Mr. Craighall Sherry proves that a Scottish accent can be a charming vehicle for the drollery of the Russian country-side. Best of all is Miss Barbara Listova, whose study of the servant-girl is perfect in its jollity. This actress can "ray out." The lovers have the more exacting burden. Mr. Christopher Oldham is nicely gawkish as the too handsome young tutor who sets the lady of the house at jealous odds with her ward; but he never quite denaturalizes himself. Strip off that blouse, remove those boots, and a tennis-playing Englishman might emerge. Mr. Boris Ranevsky, on the other hand, wants nothing of the alien suggestion, but to me, at least, he could not make Rakitin a clearly vivid character. The two women are well represented by Miss Gillian Scaife and Miss Natalie Moya; the latter with youth's tremulous ecstasy, the former with the nervous restraints and apprehensions of crabbed middle-age. The emotional rhythms of the play achieve a quiet audibility that seems to be true to Stanislavsky's intention. Quietism comes into its own.

'A Month in the Country' is thus more than a document; it is a delight. But its documentary value should not be overlooked; otherwise we do wrong to the man who planted that sadly whispering orchard whose fruit Tchekov was to gather. I am not suggesting any dispraise of Antoine, whose struggles and triumphs Mr. Waxman has worthily chronicled, when I claim that the Free Theatre was winning its victories for liberty in the Russia of serfdom whose dramatist was Turgenev, soon to be written down as no dramatist at all.

## MUSIC

### VERDI'S 'FALSTAFF'

THE London Opera Syndicate reserved for the end of their season at Covent Garden the finest bottle of their Italian selection. It was, perhaps, a wise policy to give their patrons a sense of not having had enough of a good thing, so that they might have a sharper appetite for more. But I wish Verdi's 'Falstaff' could have been given a better chance of getting hold of the public. For the curious thing is that this opera, despite its well-known and essentially English subject and the universal admiration in which it is held by musicians, has never really been as popular as it deserves with the general public here. It ought to be as impossible to leave it out of any comprehensive scheme of opera in England as it would be to leave Shakespeare out of a dramatic repertory. Yet the number of performances at Covent Garden since it was written amount to only twenty-one, of which fourteen were given in the first two years. Five of the others were given by Sir Thomas Beecham in English, and one remembers how even those performances, admirably produced and with all the advantages of a first-rate *ensemble*, surprisingly failed to draw good audiences.

One reason for this failure is probably that the opera presents our comic hero to us as seen through foreign eyes. Some of the fat knight's rumbustiousness has been thinned away, and a more refined wit is substituted for his juicy coarseness. Although we need not grumble at this treatment of the unsubtle humours of that pot-boiler, 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' but may rather admire it as an improvement on them, we cannot help feeling that the Falstaff of Verdi and Boito is not quite the true Falstaff of Shakespeare, the great tragi-comic figure of 'Henry IV,' who has been presented to us in music by Elgar. The operatic hero is

Latinized, even as Stabile's make-up was a Latin caricaturist's idea of the coarse Englishman. The music is virile and witty, but it does not bludgeon us into laughing.

The second reason is a curious one, and stranger still as coming from such a master of theatrical effect as Verdi was. Not that it is altogether his fault. It is the result of a lack of continuity due to the division of the work into six short scenes. The interest and excitement are no sooner aroused than the curtain comes down and we have a long wait, during which they cool down again. The opera never really gets the cumulative effect which is required. This fault could easily be obviated by quick changes of scene, which would present not the slightest technical difficulty, and, indeed, the scenery at Covent Garden, which had little else to commend it, seems to have been designed with that end in view. It is odd that with his own precedents in 'Aida' and 'Otello' before him, Verdi should not, in this most symphonic of all his operas, have made the breaches impossible by providing music to cover the changes of scene. It was one of the things which Wagner saw to be necessary when he wished to change the locality of the action during an act. Imagine what would be the effect if the music came to a full close after the quintet in 'Die Meistersinger' and the lights went up and everyone started talking (instead of the few dead-heads who invariably do) during the change of scene! I am certain that, had Verdi provided connecting-links between his scenes in the same way, the dramatic interest of 'Falstaff' would have been enormously increased. In any case, I hope that when the opera is next produced, the management will make an attempt to carry each act through with as short a pause as possible. They will surely be rewarded.

It is a little late in the day to add one's admiration to the great sum of wonder at this astonishing product of Verdi's old age. It would be difficult to find any work, outside the volumes of Mozart, which is so instinct with the spirit of youth. Yet there is every now and then a touch of mellowness which only age out of its experience can give. Less attention has been paid to the work of Boito, the librettist. As in 'Otello,' he has shown a *flair* for operatic effect, which can only be paralleled by Da Ponte's work for Mozart. How admirably he has simplified the intrigue and shorn Shakespeare's farce of its redundancies! It was, perhaps, an easier task than 'Otello,' where he had to deal with a great masterpiece and did it with the same success. It is, none the less, praiseworthy to have carried out the simplification of the story with such cunning. Slender, Justice Shallow and Dr. Caius are rolled into one, and by an excellent stroke the composite character is married off to Bardolf instead of to the nameless "boy" of the original. How excellent operatically is the basket-scene with its double hiding of Falstaff and the discovery of Fenton and Ann behind the screen! This is entirely Boito's invention, and its justification is that it is exactly the kind of stroke which tells admirably in opera, whereas it would be far less effective—indeed, rather too far-fetched—in a spoken play. My only quarrel with it is the fact that Verdi has held up the action for a conventional operatic *ensemble* on the old lines before the screen is thrown down, which does not accord very well with the style of the work as a whole. Where convention does step in with complete success is in the jolly fugue which provides a perfect epilogue to the opera. That is the best way of ending a comedy, and no pleasanter way of sending an audience away happy at the close of a season could have been devised. H.

#### NOTICE

¶ Subscribers to the SATURDAY REVIEW should notify temporary changes of address to the Publisher, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.

### LITERARY COMPETITIONS—19

SET BY T. MICHAEL POPE

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best rendering of the following passage from 'Oliver Twist' in the style of Henry James:

"The board allow you coals, don't they, Mrs. Corney?" inquired the beadle, affectionately pressing her hand.

"And candles," replied Mrs. Corney, slightly returning the pressure.

"Coals, candles and house-rent free," said Mr. Bumble. "Oh, Mrs. Corney, what an Angel you are!"

Competitors must limit themselves to 300 words.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best rhymed poem in praise of a Summer Morning in Bond Street. The metre chosen is immaterial, but the poem must not exceed sixteen lines.

#### RULES

The following rules must be observed by all competitors:

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 19A, or LITERARY 19B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, July 19, 1926. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. The Editor very much regrets that neither he nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

#### RESULTS OF COMPETITION 17

SET BY EDWARD SHANKS

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best letters of Consolation, neither exceeding 250 words, addressed at the same time to two friends, one of whom has backed the fourth horse for a place, and the other the last horse for a win.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best Sonnet, in strict form, containing instructions for making a cocktail.

We have received the following report from Mr. Edward Shanks, with which we concur, and we therefore have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

#### REPORT FROM MR. EDWARD SHANKS

17A. This competition appears to have appealed chiefly to lovers of the obvious. It is an easy thing to tell a man who has backed the fourth horse that he has shown good, if not the right, judgment, and the backer of the last that he has been spared the pangs of losing by a short head. I looked for something a little more subtle than this, but, save in one entry, I did not find it. It was to be assumed, of course, that both of the two letters of consolation would, or might, be read by both the recipients and should therefore be as little inconsistent with one another as possible. Again, only one entrant, and that the same, has



achieved this. I therefore recommend that the first prize should be awarded to Puffin and that the second prize should be awarded to no one at all. Puffin's letter to the backer of the last horse is not consoling in effect, whatever it may have been in intention, but that is a small matter.

#### THE WINNING ENTRY

Byways,  
Little Merdown.

My dear Eustace,

Grandpa tells us you and Alastair both took up some betting last week and that your horse came in fourth. It seems too bad you should have no prize for this, but I believe it is often the case. I have heard there is a great deal of mismanagement in horse-racing and after this we must conclude it is only too true. However, you succeeded in getting very warm for a first endeavour, and notwithstanding the little injustice about the prize I think it is an encouraging result. I should certainly continue with it if I were you. So long as people have a gift for horse-betting I do not see how it can possibly harm them, though, of course, I know many are entirely opposed to it. It seems to me, however, that such things depend a great deal on personal aptitude. You, for example, have always had a knack with animals that Alastair can never hope to acquire.

I expect Grandpa will see that you do not lose by your plucky effort and we should certainly like to do something down here to help a little in your next venture. Be sure and let us know when you are taking up places in another bet.

With love to mother and the girls,

Yours affectionately,  
Sophia Heslop

Byways,  
Little Merdown.

Dear Alastair,

We are very sorry to hear that you did so badly in the horse-race last week though it will console you to know that in all probability you were not the only one. I would earnestly counsel you, however, to realize when you are beaten and give up this betting altogether. Only misfortune can come to you if you meddle with athletics for which you are not suited.

Careful judgment plays such an important part in these matters and I am afraid, dear Alastair, your judgment will always be a little faulty. We cannot forget the Airedale puppy you picked out for us last year. And now there is this horse. The last in the race. What a pitiful brute.

I will not condole with you over the loss to your pocket because this may prove a blessing. But we all deplore the loss of prestige in your own circle, which I fear this failure must inevitably occasion. I hope you will never again be driven to take part in such an unsuitable adventure. As you know, we have had a little horse in the stable here for many years now, and I am sure our man Baggly would have told you at once from his inside knowledge that you were not the type to interfere with animals.

Your affectionate godmother,  
S. Heslop.  
PUFFIN

17B. Cocktails are a ticklish business and men quarrel about their composition. Therefore I enter on this judgment with trepidation. But, whatever one may think about cocktails, there is no doubt as to what one means when one asks for a sonnet in strict form. One does not mean an Elizabethan sonnet, nor yet a sonnet some of the lines of which contain only eight syllables. I have ruled these out at once. The cocktail was not an Elizabethan drink and is not once mentioned in Shakespeare. I have further ruled out a horrible thing called "Fruitarian's Cocktail" of which it is forbiddingly said that:

The staunchest wearer of the riband blue  
Could no exception take to this cocktail  
Composed of things that Pussyfoot would hail  
With joy.

The sequel discloses a pleasant summer-drink for church bazaars but not, unless I am greatly mistaken, a cocktail. Another class ruled out is that of the sonneteers who have extolled the cocktail and explained in what spirit it should be drunk, but have omitted to specify any ingredients. I did not ask for propaganda: I asked for practical directions. The few competitors who have been practically helpful have almost all laid stress on the use of mint, a point which I shall bear in mind in future. Two competitors appear to me equal in merit. Duff Cooper is the more explicit, Gordon Daviot has written the better

sonnet. I therefore recommend that the total of the prizes shall be divided between the two of them.

Will Gordon Daviot please send his address to the Editor.

#### THE WINNING ENTRIES

Into a silver flagon clean and cold  
Pour the crushed ice, and e'er its chill breath stale  
With mist the flask add to it heather ale  
And mountain dew, half what a quail will hold.  
Split with a silver knife a lime's wan gold  
And from its weeping segments drip five pale  
But potent tears: last add one fragrant, frail  
Mint-leaf with thumb and finger lightly rolled.

Close-lidded let the precious flagon pass  
In mystic patterns through the expectant air,  
Long as a merry tale 'twixt friend and friend.  
Then fill the liquor into amber glass—  
Wide-mouthed so that young scarlet tongues may dare  
Pursue the vagrant cherry at the end.

GORDON DAVIOT

#### RECIPE FOR THE MIXING OF "SUNSHINE" A WEST INDIAN COCKTAIL

Rum, divine daughter of the sugar cane,  
Rum, staunch ally of those who sail the sea,  
Jamaican rum of rarest quality,  
One half of rum the goblet shall contain.  
Bring Andalusian oranges from Spain,  
And lemons from the groves of Sicily,  
Mingle their juice (proportions two to three)  
And sweeten all with Demeraran grain.  
Of Angosturan bitters just a hint,  
And, for the bold, of brandy just a spice,  
A leaf or two of incense-bearing mint,  
And any quantity of clinking ice:  
Then shake, then pour, then quaff and never stint,  
Till life shall seem a dream of Paradise.

DUFF COOPER

We have received the following report from Mr. James Agate, on Competition 13 *bis*, for which a prize of One Guinea was offered by Mr. D. S. MacColl in an article entitled 'On Translating Verse,' which appeared in our issue of June 26.

#### RESULTS OF COMPETITION 13 *bis*

##### REPORT FROM MR. JAMES AGATE

Mr. MacColl's article was extremely interesting and his own version of the poem was, as one would have expected, a very good shot. We print once again the original sonnet and Mr. MacColl's translation:

Tous deux, ils regardaient, de la haute terrasse,  
L'Egypte s'endormir sous un ciel étouffant,  
Et le Fleuve, à travers le Delta noir qu'il fend,  
Vers Bubaste ou Saïs rouler son onde grasse.  
Et le Romain sentait sous la lourde cuirasse,  
Soldat captif berçant le sommeil d'un enfant,  
Ployer et défaillir sur son cœur triomphant  
Le corps voluptueux que son étreinte embrasse.  
Tournant sa tête pâle entre les cheveux bruns  
Vers celui qu'enivraient d'invincibles parfums,  
Elle tendit sa bouche et ses prunelles claires;  
Et sur elle courbé, l'ardent Imperator  
Vit dans ses larges yeux étoilés de points d'or  
Toute une mer immense où fuyaient des galères.

From the high terrace, under heavens of brass,  
The Two beheld an Egypt drowse, oppressed,  
And the River, from Bubastis, from the West,  
Cleave the black Delta with his waters crass.

And the Roman felt, beneath his stiff cuirass,  
(Soldier in chains, cradling a child to rest)  
Slacken and swoon on his triumphant breast  
The body of pleasure [crushed in his embrace]

Turning her head, pale in a dusk of hair,  
On him, drunk with invincible odorous air,  
She bent her gaze clear-shining and her lips;

And, bowed on her, the Emperor's desire  
Saw in wide eyes befecked with golden fire  
All a vast sea and shameless flight of ships.

The good points of this rendering speak for themselves, and the whole makes up into a poem. It was flattering to find that Mr. MacColl accepted "brass" to give the quality of heat. "Drowse," too, is admirable with its sense of intolerable mid-day heat,

but as I have declared the good things in this version to speak for themselves I shall not insist further upon them. We now come to that ticklish eighth line for the last half of which Mr. MacColl's alternative suggestions are:

in that iron impass  
its strict  
strait

He writes that:

"impass" is border-line English for "impassé": "iron" for the embraces of Antony's arms.

I very much regret that I cannot accept this. The word "impassé" is surely too closely bound up with its senses of "blind alley," "deadlock," "dilemma," or "inextricable difficulty" to be feasible here. None of these meanings has any connexion with the emotional situation; in fact each would seem flatly to contradict it. It may be that my French has given out here, and that Mr. MacColl knows of some use of the word in which the sense of insuperable obstacles, of being baffled, is not uppermost. But I suggest that the Emperor has solved his immediate difficulty. I confess to rejecting Mr. MacColl's line with great reluctance, particularly in view of the fact that another competitor also suggests for this line "the sensuous form locked in a close impassé." It is comforting to one's sense of responsibility that Mr. MacColl confesses to finding his "complete rhyme" a little forced.

And now I am going to ask readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW to accept a very remarkable coincidence. When your contributor generously re-opened the competition I at once determined to have a go myself, and was only put off by the discovery that I had been appointed adjudicator. Still the attempt was committed to paper, and I only regret in view of what was to follow that I did not forward the line to the Editor. I did, however, very fortunately mention the competition and my proposed attempt to an eminent lawyer, whose name and address I have communicated to the Editor, and with him discuss the ethics of introducing a quotation from an English poet into a translation from the French. And now among the batch of replies sent in I find that Mr. C. K. Scott Moncrieff suggests:

Clipped in his arm, the incomparable lass.

My own essay had been:

Clipped in his arms, the incomparable lass.

Mr. Moncrieff's version is distinctly the better, and I unhesitatingly award it the prize over every other solution. It is, indeed, difficult to see how anybody can have failed to hit upon the line, which jumped to the eyes. Mr. Moncrieff adds the note:

This line is deliberately Shakespearean, recalling two phrases in 'Antony and Cleopatra': "a lass unparallel'd" and (in the closing speech) "no grave on earth shall clip in it a pair so famous."

Mr. MacCall himself was getting "warm" when he wrote:

What phrase and rhyme are we to use here to render the close-clipping of the body in Antony's arms?

Another competitor writes:

The obvious solution to the eighth line puzzle is something like

"Crushed in his straining arms, the lovely lass," etc., but it immediately mixes the sonnet up with Shakespeare's 'Antony and Cleopatra.'

Personally I take great joy in the obvious echo. For those who know their Shakespeare there is the renewal of old thrill, and for those who do not there is a new one. And in any case the line seems to me completely to solve all difficulties. We have forwarded Mr. MacColl's guinea to Mr. C. K. Scott Moncrieff, who writes from the Savile Club.

[We need hardly assure our readers that we have deemed it unnecessary to take up Mr. Agate's reference.—ED. S.R.]

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### VERSE TRANSLATION

SIR,—Mr. Laird's pleasant letter tempts me to reply:

(1). That "*cuirasse*." Heredia may quite possibly have thought of it in its original sense of leather (*lorica*) and the *pectorale* might be of that material: the breast-plate of bronze, however, is more in keeping with the probabilities and with the author's medallic art. Being closely moulded to the form, it would allow the wearer to feel under it, as the French plainly says, the movements of a body in his arms. Antony's dalliance in such full dress shocks Mr. Laird, and is certainly in a Hugo-esque taste, but that is Heredia's idea of heroic love-making, and it will never do for the translator to undress the Emperor. Another correspondent, Mr. Arnold Foster, in a private letter, objects to a brazen sky on the ground that the time is night, not daylight siesta. The wide prospect is against that, "noir" describes the rich soil of the Delta, and "*cuirasse*" is fairly decisive; even Heredia's Antony would hardly go to bed in it. Mr. Laird's view that the first and not the fifth was the earlier line is tenable, but if so it called up a supersessor; "*cuirasse*" outshines "*terrasse*."

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D. S. MACCOLL

### THE GENESIS OF THE DETECTIVE STORY

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I am, etc.,

VERNON RENDALL

[Other letters unavoidably held over till next week.—ED. S.R.]

achieved this. I therefore recommend that the first prize should be awarded to Puffin and that the second prize should be awarded to no one at all. Puffin's letter to the backer of the last horse is not consoling in effect, whatever it may have been in intention, but that is a small matter.

#### THE WINNING ENTRY

Byways,  
Little Merdown.

My dear Eustace,

Grandpa tells us you and Alastair both took up some betting last week and that your horse came in fourth. It seems too bad you should have no prize for this, but I believe it is often the case. I have heard there is a great deal of mismanagement in horse-racing and after this we must conclude it is only too true. However, you succeeded in getting very warm for a first endeavour, and notwithstanding the little injustice about the prize I think it is an encouraging result. I should certainly continue with it if I were you. So long as people have a gift for horse-betting I do not see how it can possibly harm them, though, of course, I know many are entirely opposed to it. It seems to me, however, that such things depend a great deal on personal aptitude. You, for example, have always had a knack with animals that Alastair can never hope to acquire.

I expect Grandpa will see that you do not lose by your plucky effort and we should certainly like to do something down here to help a little in your next venture. Be sure and let us know when you are taking up places in another bet.

With love to mother and the girls,

Yours affectionately,  
Sophia Heslop

Byways,  
Little Merdown.

Dear Alastair,

We are very sorry to hear that you did so badly in the horse-race last week though it will console you to know that in all probability you were not the only one. I would earnestly counsel you, however, to realize when you are beaten and give up this betting altogether. Only misfortune can come to you if you meddle with athletics for which you are not suited.

Careful judgment plays such an important part in these matters and I am afraid, dear Alastair, your judgment will always be a little faulty. We cannot forget the Airedale puppy you picked out for us last year. And now there is this horse. The last in the race. What a pitiful brute.

I will not condole with you over the loss to your pocket because this may prove a blessing. But we all deplore the loss of prestige in your own circle, which I fear this failure must inevitably occasion. I hope you will never again be driven to take part in such an unsuitable adventure. As you know, we have had a little horse in the stable here for many years now, and I am sure our man Baggy would have told you at once from his inside knowledge that you were not the type to interfere with animals.

Your affectionate godmother,  
S. Heslop.  
PUFFIN

17B. Cocktails are a ticklish business and men quarrel about their composition. Therefore I enter on this judgment with trepidation. But, whatever one may think about cocktails, there is no doubt as to what one means when one asks for a sonnet in strict form. One does not mean an Elizabethan sonnet, nor yet a sonnet some of the lines of which contain only eight syllables. I have ruled these out at once. The cocktail was not an Elizabethan drink and is not once mentioned in Shakespeare. I have further ruled out a horrible thing called "Fruitarian's Cocktail" of which it is forbiddingly said that:

The staunchest wearer of the riband blue  
Could no exception take to this cocktail  
Composed of things that Pussyfoot would hail  
With joy.

The sequel discloses a pleasant summer-drink for church bazaars but not, unless I am greatly mistaken, a cocktail. Another class ruled out is that of the sonneteers who have extolled the cocktail and explained in what spirit it should be drunk, but have omitted to specify any ingredients. I did not ask for propaganda: I asked for practical directions. The few competitors who have been practically helpful have almost all laid stress on the use of mint, a point which I shall bear in mind in future. Two competitors appear to me equal in merit. Duff Cooper is the more explicit, Gordon Daviot has written the better

sonnet. I therefore recommend that the total of the prizes shall be divided between the two of them.

Will Gordon Daviot please send his address to the Editor.

#### THE WINNING ENTRIES

Into a silver flagon clean and cold  
Pour the crushed ice, and e'er its chill breath stale  
With mist the flask add to it heather ale  
And mountain dew, half what a quaich will hold.  
Split with a silver knife a lime's wan gold  
And from its weeping segments drip five pale  
But potent tears: last add one fragrant, frail  
Mint-leaf with thumb and finger lightly rolled.

Close-lidded let the precious flagon pass  
In mystic patterns through the expectant air,  
Long as a merry tale 'twixt friend and friend.  
Then fill the liquor into amber glass—  
Wide-mouthed so that young scarlet tongues may dare  
Pursue the vagrant cherry at the end.

GORDON DAVIOT

#### RECIPE FOR THE MIXING OF "SUNSHINE" A WEST INDIAN COCKTAIL

Rum, divine daughter of the sugar cane,  
Rum, staunch ally of those who sail the sea,  
Jamaican rum of rarest quality,  
One half of rum the goblet shall contain.  
Bring Andalusian oranges from Spain,  
And lemons from the groves of Sicily,  
Mingle their juice (proportions two to three)  
And sweeten all with Demeraran grain.  
Of Angosturan bitters just a hint,  
And, for the bold, of brandy just a spice,  
A leaf or two of incense-bearing mint,  
And any quantity of clinking ice:  
Then shake, then pour, then quaff and never stint,  
Till life shall seem a dream of Paradise.

DUFF COOPER

We have received the following report from Mr. James Agate, on Competition 13 *bis*, for which a prize of One Guinea was offered by Mr. D. S. MacColl in an article entitled 'On Translating Verse,' which appeared in our issue of June 26.

#### RESULTS OF COMPETITION 13 *bis*

##### REPORT FROM MR. JAMES AGATE

Mr. MacColl's article was extremely interesting and his own version of the poem was, as one would have expected, a very good shot. We print once again the original sonnet and Mr. MacColl's translation:

Tous deux, ils regardaient, de la haute terrasse,  
L'Egypte s'endormir sous un ciel étouffant,  
Et le Fleuve, à travers le Delta noir qu'il fend,  
Vers Bubaste ou Sais rouler son onde grasse.  
Et le Romain sentait sous la lourde cuirasse,  
Soldat captif berçant le sommeil d'un enfant,  
Ployer et défaillir sur son cœur triomphant  
Le corps voluptueux que son étreinte embrasse.  
Tournant sa tête pâle entre les cheveux bruns  
Vers celui qu'enivraient d'invincibles parfums,  
Elle tendit sa bouche et ses prunelles claires;  
Et sur elle courbé, l'ardent Imperator  
Vit dans ses larges yeux étoilés de points d'or  
Toute une mer immense où fuyaient des galères.

From the high terrace, under heavens of brass,  
The Two beheld an Egypt drowse, oppressed,  
And the River, from Bubastis, from the West,  
Cleave the black Delta with his waters crass.

And the Roman felt, beneath his stiff cuirass,  
(Soldier in chains, cradling a child to rest)  
Slacken and swoon on his triumphant breast  
The body of pleasure [crushed in his embrace]

Turning her head, pale in a dusk of hair,  
On him, drunk with invincible odorous air,  
She bent her gaze clear-shining and her lips;

And, bowed on her, the Emperor's desire  
Saw in wide eyes befflecked with golden fire  
All a vast sea and shameless flight of ships.

The good points of this rendering speak for themselves, and the whole makes up into a poem. It was flattering to find that Mr. MacColl accepted "brass" to give the quality of heat. "Drowse," too, is admirable with its sense of intolerable mid-day heat,



but as I have declared the good things in this version to speak for themselves I shall not insist further upon them. We now come to that ticklish eighth line for the last half of which Mr. MacColl's alternative suggestions are:

in that iron impass  
its strict  
strait

He writes that:

"impass" is border-line English for "impassé": "iron" for the embraces of Antony's arms.

I very much regret that I cannot accept this. The word "impassé" is surely too closely bound up with its senses of "blind alley," "deadlock," "dilemma," or "inextricable difficulty" to be feasible here. None of these meanings has any connexion with the emotional situation; in fact each would seem flatly to contradict it. It may be that my French has given out here, and that Mr. MacColl knows of some use of the word in which the sense of insuperable obstacles, of being baffled, is not uppermost. But I suggest that the Emperor has solved his immediate difficulty. I confess to rejecting Mr. MacColl's line with great reluctance, particularly in view of the fact that another competitor also suggests for this line "the sensuous form locked in a close impasse." It is comforting to one's sense of responsibility that Mr. MacColl confesses to finding his "complete rhyme" a little forced.

And now I am going to ask readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW to accept a very remarkable coincidence. When your contributor generously re-opened the competition I at once determined to have a go myself, and was only put off by the discovery that I had been appointed adjudicator. Still the attempt was committed to paper, and I only regret in view of what was to follow that I did not forward the line to the Editor. I did, however, very fortunately mention the competition and my proposed attempt to an eminent lawyer, whose name and address I have communicated to the Editor, and with him discuss the ethics of introducing a quotation from an English poet into a translation from the French. And now among the batch of replies sent in I find that Mr. C. K. Scott Moncrieff suggests:

Clipped in his arm, the incomparable lass.

My own essay had been:

Clipped in his arms, the incomparable lass.

Mr. Moncrieff's version is distinctly the better, and I unhesitatingly award it the prize over every other solution. It is, indeed, difficult to see how anybody can have failed to hit upon the line, which jumped to the eyes. Mr. Moncrieff adds the note:

This line is deliberately Shakespearean, recalling two phrases in 'Antony and Cleopatra': "a lass unparallel'd" and (in the closing speech) "no grave on earth shall clip in it a pair so famous."

Mr. MacCall himself was getting "warm" when he wrote:

What phrase and rhyme are we to use here to render the close-clipping of the body in Antony's arms?

Another competitor writes:

The obvious solution to the eighth line puzzle is something like

"Crushed in his straining arms, the lovely lass," etc., but it immediately mixes the sonnet up with Shakespeare's 'Antony and Cleopatra.'

Personally I take great joy in the obvious echo. For those who know their Shakespeare there is the renewal of old thrill, and for those who do not there is a new one. And in any case the line seems to me completely to solve all difficulties. We have forwarded Mr. MacColl's guinea to Mr. C. K. Scott Moncrieff, who writes from the Savile Club.

[We need hardly assure our readers that we have deemed it unnecessary to take up Mr. Agate's reference.—ED. S.R.]

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### VERSE TRANSLATION

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## REVIEWS

## LITERATURES

BY EDWARD SHANKS

- Reason and Romanticism.* By Herbert Read.  
Faber and Gwyer. 7s. 6d. net.
- Russian Literature, 1881-1925.* By D. S. Mirsky.  
Routledge. 12s. 6d. net.
- The Spirit of Oriental Poetry.* By Puran Singh.  
Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.
- Excavations.* By Carl van Vechten. Knopf.  
\$2.50 net.

A LITTLE while ago I reviewed in these columns the epoch-making work of Dr. Oswald Spengler, and on that occasion drew attention to his discovery that the history of the world divides itself into a number of disparate systems. Dr. Spengler might, and I will, take the books now before me as examples of this in a particular field. If there are several systems of world-history, then there must be several systems of literature. And, in an age of confusion like our own, these must necessarily co-exist. Dr. Spengler prophesied the approaching end of our own system but did not predict the character of its successor, though this is probably already germinating. He was wise. Our system is able to take into consideration more alien elements than have ever before been introduced into even a system on the point of disintegration. It makes a wider sweep: it does its best to include all the systems of which we have written record. And these four volumes afford examples of the points of view which we despairingly try to assimilate to some idea of an ultimate truth which does not exist. It is therefore best to take them, each one of them, one at a time.

Having some knowledge of Mr. Read's poems, I was prepared to disagree with his initial opinions, but at any rate to treat them with respect. I find that I sometimes agree with them but that I can nowhere respect them. They are not revolutionary: they are, to the limit of Mr. Read's ability, cautious. They state a number of commonplaces in vague, but nevertheless unexceptionable terms. Mr. Read spends several pages on a demonstration that William Archer had nothing to say worth saying on the drama of any age but his own. But that last book of Archer's, 'The Old Drama and the New,' was notoriously full of absurdities and is hardly worth consideration in an essay pompously entitled 'The Disciples of Diderot.' Mr. Read thinks it no fault in Shakespeare that he was unaware of the idea of Progress. But, in another essay, Mr. Read considers all the dark ways of 'Hamlet' made plain by the supposition that Shakespeare was suffering from an "Œdipus complex"—"that is to say, the mental peculiarities of Hamlet, expressed throughout the play with such vividness and actuality, can be explained as the consequences of 'repressed' infantile incestuous wishes, stirred into activity by the death of the father and the appearance of a rival, Claudius." All this, to explain Hamlet's reluctance to commit the brutal act of murder upon Claudius upon no better evidence than that of a ghost, in the objective evidence of which he does not wholly believe! I hope I shall never incur the dislike of Mr. Read or that of Dr. Ernest Jones, on whom Mr. Read seems to rely. If ever I do, they will undoubtedly cry "A rat, a rat!" and hew me to pieces without waiting for consideration.

Let us pursue Mr. Read on to the ground of the mechanics of poetry. Here we have a very remarkable pronouncement:

Professor Sonnenschein, or rather his assistants in the Phonetics Laboratory at University College, London, make use of a wonderful instrument called the kymograph, which by its operation promises to put at rest all the age-long controversies of the metrists. For the kymograph, like the camera, cannot lie.

We learnt, many years ago, that the camera can be made to lie, and I fear that the kymograph does not speak the truth quite in the sense of Mr. Read's claim for it.

Prince D. S. Mirsky is less opinionative, more informative. Without engaging oneself with his ideas, one can still get some sort of clue to modern Russian literature. He is a Russian who has lived several years in England, who can write English, and who can, incidentally, offer opinions on English literature which are far from negligible. But, with the best will in the world as an interpreter, he nevertheless insistently suggests an alien world. All that is best in Russia seems to have come out of an instinctive revolt against Peter the Great. Tolstoy, displayed here in his last, and most characteristic, if not, for us, his greatest phase, is not a man who desires to be a European, but one who feels stirring in himself a quite different culture. Peter the Great brought Russia into contact with Europe and so disturbed, but did not permanently alter, a great movement of the spirit, which probably means nothing to us. What Prince Mirsky can tell us of this, he does tell us.

Mr. Puran Singh's book suggests more vividly the impassable boundaries of different sorts of literature. Oriental poetry, as he sees it, is something different from ours:

The poet of the East, the *Bhakta*, is bare like a child, playing in God's sunshine, clothed in his own transcendent innocence, and filling his soul with the gladness of the honey-bee. He is always wending towards the Shrine of the Beloved. He burns with an inextinguishable desire for the divine.

We can gain refreshment and new inspiration from Oriental poetry, but it is unlikely that we can ever understand it in the sense which its authors intended.

With Mr. Carl van Vechten we make an abrupt move westwards. In America, if anywhere, a new system is in process of formation. What that system, what its culture and civilization may be, we cannot yet tell. But one thing we know, that where the pot is a-boiling, scum will collect on its surface. If I may say so without offence, I take Mr. van Vechten's essays to be representative of this scum. He has sought very far for his subjects. The author unknown and unpraised is his subject and obscurity is to him in itself a recommendation. Here he deals with several authors, most American, some two or three English, who are not popular. The worst that can be said of him is that, while he never fails to interest, he does not convince. I will take two examples from among his subjects—Edgar Saltus and Mr. M. P. Shiel. I have never read anything by Edgar Saltus and, if I depended on Mr. van Vechten's recommendation, I never should. Mr. van Vechten convincingly makes him seem an affected bore. By good luck, I know Mr. M. P. Shiel's work very well, and I know that he is neither the world-shaking genius of Mr. van Vechten's well-meant eulogy nor yet the pretentious and somniferous philosopher that Mr. van Vechten makes him appear. Mr. M. P. Shiel is undoubtedly the best neglected author of our time, but Mr. van Vechten inspires in me a strong suspicion that he likes Mr. Shiel—and Henry B. Fuller and Edgar Saltus and Ronald Firbank—because he is neglected. This is symptomatic, but it is not a good reason. The pot boils and the scum accumulates. What there may be in the pot we hardly know as yet. It is probably interesting. And the scum has its own interest too. Mr. van Vechten stands for a phase in American literature which we cannot overlook. It is the self-conscious and imitative phase, now come to that height which prophesies something genuine coming up behind.

# A TORY'S FAITH

*The Creed of a Tory.* By Pierse Loftus. Allan. 10s. 6d. net

THIS book, like Cæsar's *Gaul*, is divided into three parts. In the first the author states his political beliefs, in the second he offers some suggestions with regard to the practical problems of the day, and in the third he sketches in outline the constitution of the ideal state. The different divisions vary in merit, and the first is the best of the three.

Of recent years literature dealing with the history and the philosophy of the Tory Party has shown a tendency to increase in response, no doubt, to the demand of a larger number of intelligent young men and women who are frightened by the red spectre of Socialism and the white ghost of Liberalism into the fold of the most vigorous and healthy of existing political parties. Such recruits, before swearing their allegiance, require to know exactly to what they are expected to be loyal. In the early part of this volume they will find the orthodox faith of Toryism stated in plain if slightly pompous prose. Excessive use of the first personal pronoun may irritate fastidious readers, but it has the merit of arresting attention like a challenge.

The author has a healthy distrust of Science and Reason as guides to human or political conduct, regrets many modern developments, and stigmatizes the invention of the aeroplane as the greatest curse which has befallen humanity. He rightly refuses to recognize such inventions as symptoms of Progress, and the works of Professor Bury, from which he extensively quotes, have left him in considerable doubt as to whether the whole idea of progress may not be an illusion.

When an eloquent preacher descends from the general to the particular he seldom escapes bathos, and when Mr. Loftus, after discoursing upon the true meaning of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, proceeds to hold forth upon the inadvisability of eating white bread, we cannot help feeling that there is a danger of the embryo prophet deteriorating into a crank. He deals with the questions of Emigration, Land Taxation, a Ministry of Defence and Rating, in a refreshingly breezy fashion, and makes them pleasanter to read about by omitting the practical difficulties. His proposals for the reform of the House of Lords, however, afford but one more proof that it is impossible for anyone to make a suggestion on this subject with which anyone else can agree. There would even appear to be some doubt as to whether Mr. Loftus agrees with himself on the matter, since in the last part of the book, when describing the ideal constitution, he constructs quite a different Second Chamber from that which he recommends for this country at the present time.

The two Second Chambers have, however, some elements in common. They are both to include, on the Soviet System, representatives of interests rather than of localities, and both are to be graced by the presence of those who have achieved fame in other walks of life. It is possible to take exception to both proposals. All the various "vocations" to which Mr. Loftus refers are already adequately represented in one or other of the Houses of Parliament, and it may even be suggested that they are better represented than they would be by their own elected representatives. Art, for instance, would probably not stand to benefit by the addition to either House of some outstanding artistic genius, who probably would not appreciate the honour and almost certainly would possess none of the qualifications for a deliberative assembly. A man who has devoted his whole life and intellect to one particular art or science, as all who have achieved fame must have done, is singularly ill fitted to form one of a body entrusted with the Government of an Empire. Those of our great writers who hold strong views upon practical

questions can get their message delivered and make their influence felt without ever making a speech or recording a vote. If the French Academy were to be added on to the French Senate a more entertaining Assembly might be produced, but not one in any way better fitted for the discharge of the functions of Government.

The exclamation of the old Puritan on seeing a criminal going to execution, "There but for the grace of God goes John Bradford," is reattributed in this book to Bishop Berkeley, of all people. We should be interested to learn whether there is any authority for this statement.

# GO AS YOU PLEASE

*On Doing What One Likes.* By Alec Waugh. Cayme Press. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. ALEC WAUGH has in fair measure most of the gifts of the writer of "middles," if not precisely those of the essayist. He is interested in casually encountered people; he has a real enjoyment of certain recreations and can communicate it to his reader; he is easily set off thinking by any little incident; and he has a quite agreeable vein of hedonistic philosophy. We may wish, as we turn the pages of this handsomely produced book, for rather more whimsicality, for more pungency, for some of that virtuosity in the employment of prose which is pretty generally and not unreasonably expected of a light essayist; but we are not ungrateful for what we get. In particular, we must thank Mr. Waugh for his papers on the games of his preference. That on Rugby, in its contemporary aspects, with possibly too patronizing a reference to the rude players of not so very long ago, will please many people, but the pages on village cricket will please everyone. That village cricket is not merely an inferior imitation of the cricket reported at length in the newspapers, but an entirely different game, may be obvious when you have read Mr. Waugh, but his demonstration of that truth is not superfluous, and it is brightly carried through.

To two things only in the book do we object: the inclusion of a kind of short story, good in itself though unpleasant in theme, in a volume of this sort, and the extreme naughtiness of the theory that the intensity of the pleasure given by a work of art does not vary with the degree of that work's excellence. But to argue with Mr. Waugh on these points would doubtless be taking him too seriously. More than once in the volume, but especially in the initial paper, he preaches from the text that each of us should resolutely do what he really likes, when it is time to play, instead of doing what he quite likes. He is for having people amused, in the way each prefers, not for having them improved; and we will refrain from trying to improve him out of æsthetic heresy.

# DAYLIGHT WANDERINGS

*Two Vagabonds in Sweden and Lapland.* By Jan and Cora Gordon. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d. net.

BY this time these authors have established their position among all those readers who sympathize, at least in theory, with what they call "Travellers in Taverns," which is, with those who are interested in seeing not so much what man has made, but what man has made of himself. In this diverting book we accompany them in a hurried tour through the Sweden of tourists, a more leisurely stay in the wilder parts where the foreigner rarely comes, and away up to Lapland in search of a barbaric past of which nearly every trace has been carefully eliminated, finishing on the note of a Norse Salvation Army band of guitars and mandolines. On the way we are introduced to a number of delightful figures; the waiter at the



Stockholm cheap hotel who could speak six or seven languages, including Turkish; the Koustnärer (artist) and his struggle with the village octopus, the merchant Hakon Larssen; the Master Fiddler, whom some of us heard in London last year, and his staid son Erik, who still composes airs and songs for the bride at village weddings—*polskas* they are called. These are attributed to the person for whom they are composed, and a village fiddler must know those of every one in his district, while the Master Fiddler knows hundreds more. Then, in Helsingland, they come on a form of the Welsh custom of "bundling."

As they go north, they reveal the excellent organization of the Swedish Touring Club; in a Lapp hut they come upon the familiar evil of inflation of currency, the currency being reindeer herds multiplied beyond the supply of lichen on which the animals feed. The little illustrations are, as usual, a prominent feature in the amusement our artist-vagabond friends afford us, and a special note of interest is given by the reproductions of the 'Bonaden,' Sweden cottage paintings in oil on canvas, used for the decoration of peasant houses through the eighteenth century up to 1840 or thereabouts.

## TWO GOOD SERIES

*Byzantine Art.* By Hayford Peirce and Royall Tyler. Benn. 21s. net.

*Famous Etchings from Dürer to Whistler.* Folio I. Halton and Truscott Smith. 5s. net.

ONE of the healthiest signs in recent years is the continual issue by publishers of series of art books, at various prices and covering various fields. It is no longer absolutely necessary to be a wealthy linguist in order to study art. The latest addition to these series is Ernest Benn's 'Kai Khosru Monographs on Eastern Art,' under the general editorship of Mr. Arthur Waley. Mr. Waley's name is sufficient guarantee that the series will not be wanting in elegant scholarship, and Messrs. Ernest Benn's that it will be a good example of book making. The present volume, the first which we have seen, is pleasantly bound in black cloth with a rich butter-coloured label. It contains a short preface and a hundred admirable reproductions, to each of which there is a full explanatory and historical note. The book is a real pleasure, and we look forward eagerly to further volumes in the series.

We may not all share the extreme view of certain modern critics as to the supremacy of Byzantine over all other forms of Christian art, but we have, most of us, come lately to an appreciation of this school which was quite denied to our fathers. We recognize in it a certain sublimity, a certain religious quality which never has been recaptured, and, one will venture to prophesy, never will be recaptured. It contrived to combine gorgeousness with austerity, sumptuous sensuous appeal of colour and texture with stylization of form based on extraordinary reticence. In the book under review the English reader may delight his eye with the contemplation of objects of great religious art from scattered places, but his delight must always obviously be less than that of more fortunate people who have gazed into the glowing depths of Venice or Ravenna and seen Empire and Church visibly wedded in one splendid moment of historic time.

Another new series comes from Messrs. Halton and Truscott Smith, in the form of a quarto folio, neatly bound in brown with an orange label. It contains a short preface by Mr. R. A. Walker, who has also supplied useful notes to the twelve plates. Etching, like all monochrome work, reproduces far more satisfactorily than painting, and this collection, for all its cheapness, is hardly less desirable than the Benn book. We wish all possible good fortune to these two ventures.

## NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

*Benoni.* By Knut Hamsun. Alfred A. Knopf. 7s. 6d. net.

*The Secret that was Kept.* By Elizabeth Robins. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.

*The Two Sisters.* By H. E. Bates. Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

THE tried novel-reader knows his Lofoten well. He knows that in due course the people about whom he is reading will be sent there to suffer a sea change. For Lofoten is more than the point of departure for Norwegian fishermen. It is the goal of a migration: a place where anything may happen; the poor be made rich, the rich poor; where saving acts of heroism may be performed, or the treachery that appears to lurk in so many Scandinavian breasts be demonstrated; it is above all a place of risk, a potential lethal-chamber into which the hardiest persons, with the greatest expectation of life, can be bundled. Lofoten has a character of its own, a personality, almost; whom it will it raises up and whom it will it casts down; so that events which in the fiction of other nationalities would seem arbitrary or improbable, receiving the sanction of Lofoten, become natural and inevitable. Lofoten is the heart and symbol of Romance, the Romance which interpenetrates all Scandinavian fiction.

It must be admitted that in 'Benoni,' the last novel by Knut Hamsun to be translated, Lofoten plays a waiting rather than a winning game. 'Benoni' is perhaps too inglorious a character to challenge its celestial interference. When the time comes he is packed off to it, with all the familiar circumstances of finality and farewell, but he returns, and returns moderately enriched, neither a millionaire nor a beggar. The gods, though they cherished a contemptuous affection for him, did not like him well enough to take him to themselves. But they enabled him to buy for a song the strip of foreshore which he afterwards sold to that rich, taciturn, drunken Englishman, the Honourable Sir Hugh Trevelyan, for forty thousand dollars. So in the end he became, if not the first man in the village, almost the co-equal of the sinister Mack, who had all along half defrauded and half financed him. And Rosa, parson's daughter, who had looked down on him and married a lawyer, seems ready to fall into his arms. Benoni is a self-important, sensitive creature, at once stupid and shrewd, crafty and headstrong. He is like a child, and Hamsun satirizes his childishness unmercifully. The book is throughout satirical in tone, and its satire, though it does not diminish the vitality of the characters, lessens their appeal. We look in vain for the pure lyrical impulse that breathed like perfume through the early chapters of 'Victoria,' the sense of life, so radiant and free that to read of it was almost pain. We have a feeling that the doll's house is being put up for auction by joking adolescents, once its charmed proprietors; but in spite of this the sense of mystery and adventure is never far away. Mack and Benoni are covetous, avaricious, bent upon making money. Were they portrayed by any other novelist they would appear hard, or futile, or sordid, in any case subdued to what they grubbed in. But Hamsun has a charm in the presence of which materialism loses its grossness. The miser may be a more sympathetic figure than the merchant, he has more passion; he mixes himself with his property. Hamsun's characters are not exactly misers (Benoni embellished his house with an unnecessary extra wing and many internal beautifications, simply to catch Rosa's eye), but they

have the collector's instinct: what touches their pocket touches them on the raw. They are not hard-faced business men: they are like schoolboys, boasting of the wealth of their respective parents.

'The Secret that was Kept' is a disappointing story, of which the workmanship is greatly superior to the design. The action is exceedingly melodramatic, but it is squeezed into the two ends of the book: fraud, blackmail, desertion and flight at the beginning, bigamy, blackmail and murder at the end. Sandwiched between these sensational happenings comes what is far more interesting than they, June Purdey's visit to her cousin Augusta, at Asseola, in the Southern States. Augusta is an autocratic much-married woman who manages her estates, her coloured servants and her guests with the high hand. The rich wooded countryside in which June (sometimes, rash soul, unattended) takes her rides, closes in upon the house and envelops it, making the place enchanted and infinitely remote. In a sub-title Mrs. Robins calls her book 'A Study in Fear,' and it is true that June had legitimate grounds for anxiety, with her absconded husband writing to her from Paris and threatening to come himself. But the effective, lasting impression of her life in the South is one of security and comfort. Guests drop in casually; Cousin Augusta tries her hand, successfully, at match-making on June's behalf; then the bolt, or volley of bolts, falls, and all is pistols, detectives and theatricality: exciting enough, but unreal coming after the delicate character-drawing and fine distinctions of the middle section.

'The Two Sisters' has this to be said for it: it is utterly unlike any novel that has been published for a long time. If Daisy Ashford had stolen some of Emily Brontë's fire she might have written a fantasy on the lines of Mr. Bates's. The two sisters, Jenny and Tessie, live with their two brothers and their father on the outskirts of a midland town, which has a square and a church in it, and hard by a river which, through faulty adjustment of sluices or some other reason, is capable of growing into a raging torrent of almost Amazonian proportions. This is almost all that Mr. Bates gives us by way of setting: we know nothing of the father's occupation except that he shammed mad, retired to his bedroom and knocked his daughter about whenever she came in. The brothers seemed equally *désœuvrés*, they fought like cats about the house and when Jenny tried to play the piano: "Shut that row," Jim barked out. "You're a damn' nuisance."

So much for the home life of the Lee family. It is a nightmare, sometimes vivid, sometimes dull. Mr. Bates's group of external facts is extremely feeble; the outside world scarcely exists for him, and his references to it, when not simply impressionistic, are puerile. But his presentation of the passion felt by the two sisters for the stranger Michael is most remarkable; and, so long as one can turn a blind eye to its ludicrous side, it sweeps one along like a flood. The frequent uncouthness of Mr. Bates's style is no obstacle here; it is the awkwardness of someone sure of his aim but uncertain of himself, purposeful and clumsy as a puppy waddling towards a bone. It is curious that a prose as ungraceful as his, a mode of expression sometimes harshly, sometimes childishly literal, should still be able to preserve the intensity of the poetic mood in which, as Mr. Edward Garnett justly says, the whole book is conceived. Even such infelicities as:

She had even seized pen and paper, but in the subsequent search for ink, had found her impulse to write being replaced by one to think instead,—

even such gaucheries as these do not impair Mr. Bates's high emotional effects. He is only twenty; he is deaf to the blandishments of realism, he can present life without any of its hampering, disguising accessories, and he might sometime write a really good book.

## SHORTER NOTICES

**The Art of the Miniature Painter.** By Dr. G. C. Williamson and Percy Buckman. Chapman and Hall. 21s. net.

THE Universal Art Series, to which this volume belongs, is one which has already a deservedly high reputation. It is unlikely that a book bearing Dr. Williamson's name would not fittingly cover the subject of miniatures; he is a recognized authority of great scholarship and vast practical experience. None the less the book is dull. Too large a space has been devoted to technical matters for the ordinary reader. We heartily agree with the plea made by Mr. Lindsay at the end of the book for some outburst of originality to save this moribund art, which is in a pitiable state of ineptitude, but unfortunately we cannot regard his example of "expressionist" miniature as showing any sign of such a revival. It is simply tricky and "posterish." Expressionist art must go deeper than that, as it does in the work of full scale painters. The illustrations from the miniature art of the past are delightful, and the book, coming in a series primarily designed for the artist, is as effective as a book on miniature art can be. It is modern miniature art that is wrong: it has made all of us who are genuinely interested in the aesthetic aspects of portraiture a little cold about the technique of miniature painting. It seems to us a dead question; we hope it may be revived, but in the meantime the less said about it the better. What was done in the past is fine; the art lover does not greatly care how it was done.

**The Grey Friars of Canterbury.** By Charles Cotton. Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.

THIS is a reprint of the volume issued in 1924 by the Society of Franciscan Studies without its appendices and with a chapter by Mr. R. H. Goodsall on the remains of the Friary at Canterbury and its restoration, which seems to have been very judiciously taken in hand. Every visitor to Canterbury will be glad to have this volume when going over the interesting remains of the Friary, and re-creating in imagination a picture of the coming of the friars six centuries ago.

**Beowulf Translated into English Verse: with Introduction and Notes.** By D. H. Crawford. Chatto and Windus. 5s. net.

THE latest volume of 'The Medieval Library' is a new translation of the oldest monument of our poetry; a translation that will rank very highly even when compared with the best of its predecessors. Prof. Crawford has avoided the snare of alliteration to which so many have fallen a victim, and on which Anglo-Saxon poetry relied for its central charm. No one can make the A. S. "Beowulf" sound like poetry to a modern listener ignorant of the language, as Homer would; even the rhythm does not strike the ear forcibly enough. The poem has been proved to have an historical foundation, and links up many of the legends of the North, while its text has been the subject of minute study for many years, and fresh light on it or further plausible emendations are not now to be expected. Prof. Crawford's translation is rapid and vigorous in diction, accurate, and enriched with critical, historical and bibliographical notes. The book is well arranged and printed on good paper.



## NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.

THREE interesting additions are made to the series entitled 'The Hogarth Essays' with the publication this week of: 'The Structure of Wuthering Heights,' by C. P. S., who makes play with the exceptional symmetry of the pedigree of the Earnshaw-Linton families and with Emily Brontë's care for dates; 'The Poet's Eye,' by Vernon Lee; and 'Another Future of Poetry,' by Mr. Robert Graves (Hogarth Press, 2s. 6d. net, 1s. 6d. net, 2s. 6d. net respectively).

'The Book of Robert Southwell' (Blackwell, 7s. 6d. net), by Mrs. Christobel Hood, gives us, in addition to a fairly full memoir, the text of the martyr's poems. Seeing that almost the only meritorious modern edition of Southwell's verse, Grosart's, was limited to some 150 copies and is now hard to come by, this book is very welcome.

'Preaching in Medieval England' (Cambridge University Press, 17s. 6d. net), by Dr. G. R. Owst, is designed as an introduction to sermon manuscripts of the period 1350 to 1450. It is apparently the first work on the subject, and, if we may judge from a preliminary examination, ought to appeal to others besides specialists.

'A Wayfarer on the Loire' (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net), by Mr. E. I. Robson, deals with the principal towns and castles on that river from Blois to Saumur, and covers a good deal of other ground also.

'A Village on the Thames' (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d. net), by Sir Rickman Godlee, has for its subject Whitechurch.

'The End of Laissez-Faire' (Hogarth Press, 2s. net), by Mr. J. M. Keynes, is a plea for a clarification of thought on economic questions by the distinguished economist, who here confesses that while he is far from regarding capitalism as played out, he does regard it as in some ways very objectionable.

'Some Dickens Women' (Werner Laurie, 16s. net), by Mr. Edwin Charles, has the advantage of a preface by Mr. G. K. Chesterton. We should not have supposed that there was any great need for a book of this sort, since the women of Dickens are best met in the novels themselves, but Mr. Charles, whose work on 'Edwin Drood' is well known, has the qualifications for such a task.

'Sheaves from the Cornhill' (Murray, 7s. 6d. net) is a good idea. That admirable old Magazine has published many excellent short stories, and the selection here made from them is the more commendable because it gives us work by several writers who are not already widely appreciated.

'The Dramas of Alfred Lord Tennyson' (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net) is a courageous attempt by a Dutch student, Dr. Cornelia Japikse, to persuade us that the accepted verdict on Tennyson as a playwright is wrong.

Two new novels deserving of notice here are 'Miranda Masters' (Knopf, 7s. 6d. net), by Mr. John Cournos, and 'Mantrap' (Cape, 7s. 6d. net), by Mr. Sinclair Lewis, a story of the Canadian North-West which appears to be something of a holiday for this writer.

## MOTORING

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

ON June 26 the Austin Motor Company celebrated the twenty-first year of its business life; it was a day of rejoicing at the works at Longbridge for the employees, who had a great gala day. Tennis, bowls, boxing, motor gymkhana, athletic sports, a children's fancy dress parade, and dancing to the band of the Grenadier Guards kept them and their families fully amused. There was, however, a more serious side for visitors who attended the celebrations, and who had seen the Austin car grow up; that was the realization of how the motor-car has become part and parcel of our national life, and how important it is that every encouragement should be given to further the industry itself as a great national asset. When Mr. (now Sir) Herbert Austin determined to found a business of his own in 1905, few realized that the works at Longbridge, then covering two and a half acres, employing two hundred and seventy workers, would grow to their present extent. To-day the works themselves cover an area of sixty-two acres, and, including the testing track, the total area is two hundred and twenty acres, while over eight thousand workpeople are employed. During the war no fewer than twenty-two thousand hands were employed here making munitions.

\* \* \*

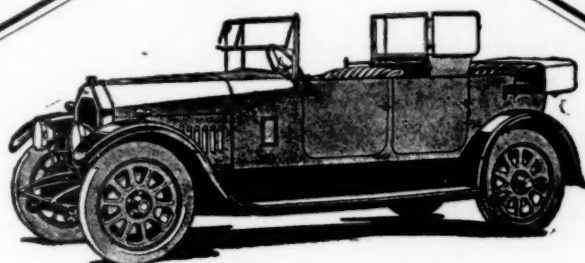
The first Austin car was produced and demonstrated to the motoring public on April 26, 1906. This was rated at 25-30 h.p. In those days no windscreen or side doors protected the driver of this touring vehicle. The works produced an output of one hundred and twenty cars in the year. To-day more than twenty thousand cars are sold from the factory, and the present seven, twelve and twenty horse-power Austin models rank high in their respective spheres of motor production. The road performance of the small "seven" is far in advance of the original "twenty-five," without taking into consideration the two larger cars. In 1910, the expansion of the business had necessitated the enlargement of the factory, which at this time covered four acres and employed one thousand people. The 40-h.p. Austin of that period was one of the fastest and best cars in Europe and America. Also in that year the first Austin "seven" was built. Like the present model, it had three forward speeds and reverse, but the engine was a single cylinder type in place of the four cylinder engine of to-day. In 1911 the ten horse-power Austin was produced. The engine had five crankshaft bearings, as have all Austin "twelves" and "twenties" now. It also had a four cylinder engine. In 1912 one thousand seven hundred men were engaged in production, and, in addition to fifteen hundred cars, many electric lighting installations and marine engines were sold. That year saw the Austin engined motor boat *Maple Leaf IV* wrest the International Trophy from the United States, which had successfully resisted all challenges for five years. In 1914 the private company was cemented into a public company, which, when war broke out in the August of that year, produced armoured cars, lorries, lighting sets, ambulances, aeroplanes, shells and many other war products, during the period of hostilities. When war ceased, the extremely difficult problem of reorganization and reconstruction had to be solved.

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## THE JULY MAGAZINES

The July *Fortnightly* opens with Mr. Granville-Barker's Sorbonne lecture, 'The Stage-craft of Shakespeare,' which is a worthy pendant to his British Academy lecture of last year. It is a striking example of the value of technical criticism—the dramatist explained by the stage-manager—while at the same time it is good literary criticism. Mr. Priestley enumerates some of 'The Enemies of Talk,' and incidentally discourses on Johnson as a talker. We have to thank him for sending us back to Traill's 'New Lucian'—a charming book. Mr. Ellis takes as his subject Squire Osbaldeston, and Mr. Swinnerton reviews the books he would choose for "Summer Reading," which is not quite holiday reading. Among other old friends he recommends 'Eothen' and Curzon's 'Monasteries of the Levant' and 'Tristram Shandy,' very few poets, and a number of moderns. Fascism and its successes, Mosul, and Zaghlul Pasha are its foreign political articles; the Navy during the strike, the coal-mine industry overloaded with new labour during the war, and disarmament are other important subjects discussed. A very good number indeed.

The *London Mercury* chooses Mr. Lucien Pissarro for its 'Modern Portrait' this month. The verse is contributed by Messrs. Robert Graves, Conrad Aiken (in a pessimistic mood), George Villiers and A. J. Young (word-painting). Mrs. Woods has a not very pleasant subject in 'The House of the Dogs,' while Miss K. M. Wilson is almost lyrical on 'The Cat' and Mr. Murray examines the methods of Mr. Guedalla. Mrs. Esdaile concludes her plea for the recognition of English eighteenth century sculpture. Mr. Waldman points out how far Mr. Theodore Dreiser falls short of any high standard as a writer. The 'Chronicles' of chief interest are 'Architecture' (the career of Rennie), 'Poetry' (the development of Mr. Sassoon), 'Literary History' (Mr. Lucas, Mme. Duclaux, Byron) and 'Education' (Mr. Bertrand Russell's theories and modern practice).

The *National* in its 'Episodes' deals with Red Gold, Germany, American Ways, Egypt, the Gold Standard and its sequelae, the Lloyd George problem and Cricket. The Vice-Provost of Eton writes this month again on the translation of Virgil, with special reference to Mr. Billson's version, giving specimens both of it and of his own. Miss Pitt describes what is to be seen on 'A Sea-Bird Island' near South Wales with its migratory population; Mr. Roscoe describes 'The Home of the Godolphins' in Cornwall; Mrs. Phillimore rhapsodizes on 'Oranges' in Tangier, and Fitzurse tells the sad tale of 'A Lord's Interdict.' The political articles are on the results to France of the peace, the future of Canada, the Gold Standard, and South Africa; Miss Douglas-Pennant gives the history of her case; Mr. Germains points out that the next war will need as many infantrymen as ever.

*Blackwood* opens with the tale of a novelist anxious to write a detective story, who has the bright idea of consulting a real detective. Their collaboration, in the end, puts them on the track of serious crime. "Fundi" describes his experiences as a bus-driver in the Strike, and "H. F." his experiences during 'The Cuxhaven Raid.' Mr. Whibley writes on a visit to Egypt, and Mr. C. E. Green describes events credible and incredible in 'Things Seldom Seen and Facts Disputed.' 'Musings' deals with the General Strike, 'Our Kerenskys' and the Liberal Squabble.

The *English Review* has three good papers on Russia, Mrs. Remnant on our relations with it, Capt. Bowine's impressions of Moscow during his recent visit, and the well-known Russian novelist Artzybasheff's judgment on the results of Bolshevism during the past few years. Among other papers of importance are articles on China, Race hatred, pan-Islam, the decline of Taste, some short stories and reviews.

The *Empire Review* opens with a devastating biography of Mr. Cook. Its chief papers are on 'The Russo-German Treaty of April, 1926' by a German ex-Minister of Finance; Swinburne's reply to Morley's criticism; Col. Mayes on Roads; Sir A. H. Crosfield on 'Lawn Tennis'; and Mr. MacCarthy on Meredith. The Notes are, as usual, a striking feature.

The *Adelphi* contains the first part of Mr. Murry's 'Life of Jesus,' as he sees it. A paper on 'Shaw' goes at some length into his work, and possibly sees in it more than is there. In the 'Contributor's Club' attention is called to the poems of Robert Hillier, and Mr. Stuart-Young sends a sketch from Nigeria. There is a good paper on Lamb's Fanny Kelly.

*Cornhill* gives us Mr. Kinross on 'Fifty Years of Cricket'—full of good sport and great names; Mr. John Gibbons on 'Twenty Years at the B.M.' as a "literary worker." Mr. W. F. Grey extracts from the Watson collection a number of hitherto unpublished letters, Pope, Wordsworth, Southey and Landor among them. The Landor letter is a fierce denunciation of Byron. Lord Latymer sums up what we know of 'The Antiquity of Modern Man' from 20000 B.C. Col. Etherton describes his experiences in 'The Heart of a Continent.'

*Chambers's Journal* in this issue reveals 'The Truth about Marie Celeste'—the abandoned ship found without crew in the Atlantic, which has puzzled inquirers for many years. There is some good advice about sea-bathing for adults, and papers on Copenhagen, Mexican papyri, bees, currency, etc.

## ACROSTICS

## PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set, presented by the publisher.

## RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name appears on the list printed on the Competition Coupon.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions.

To avoid the same book being chosen twice, books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' (which, in many instances, are reviewed at length in a subsequent issue of the paper) are not eligible as prizes.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 225

TWO COCKS THAT WILL NOT FIGHT AND CANNOT CROW.

1. May indicate which way the wind doth blow.
2. Results from trouble and from sore vexation.
3. The Learn'd compose this Eastern corporation.
4. She, I'm afraid, would make a hell of heaven.
5. From seven letters now abstract me seven.
6. Makes smooth the rough, and by the gentlest means.
7. Will undertake the training of your weans.
8. Disordered, topsy-turvy, upside-down.
9. But three short months I wore the Imperial crown.
10. Our mental pabulum he tastes and tries.
11. With vigour given, impels the ball to rise.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 223

TWO ARTS BY WHICH THE FORMS OF THINGS WE FIX

1. Heart of a bard who died at fifty-six.
2. Where are my gods? and O, where is my king?
3. Who have it say it hurts like anything.
4. He'll "find the mind's construction in the face."
5. Curtail what holds yon vessel in its place.
6. I hope and trust that this my riddles are.
7. A moon when mist is apt our joys to mar.
8. So Pliny named me—me who shun the light.
9. The atmosphere dislikes us, not the sprite.
10. May we not dub him mankind's second father?
11. Lore of a surface, or its science rather.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 223

PO		Pe <sup>1</sup>	1 Alexander Pope (1688-1744).
I	vva	H <sup>2</sup>	2 "Where are the gods of Sepharvaim, of
L	umbag	O	Hena, and Ivvah? . . . Where is the
P	hysionomis	T <sup>3</sup>	king of the city of Sepharvaim, of
A	nch	Or	Hena, and Ivvah?"
I	nterestin	G	—2 Kings xviii. 34 and xix. 13
N	ovembe	R	3 There's no art
T	alp	A <sup>4</sup>	To find the mind's construction in the
I	m	Pair	face. . . "Macbeth, i. 4.
N	oa	H	4 Talpa is Latin for mole.
G	eograph	Y	

ACROSTIC No. 223.—The winner is Mrs. M. M. Snow, Northdown Hill School, Cliftonville, Margate, who has chosen as her prize 'The Queen of Golconda,' by S. J. Boufflers, published by Chapman and Hall, and reviewed in our columns on June 26. Twenty-one other competitors named this book, sixteen 'The Making of Rhodesia,' nine 'The Romantic Diplomat,' etc., etc. ALSO CORRECT.—Barberry, Carlton, Doric, E. K. P., Fra, Gay, Jeff, Llop-llop, Martha, Met, G. W. Miller, Shorwell, Stanfield, Still Waters, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Yendu.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Armada, Baldersby, Beechworth, A. de V. Blathwayt, Boskerris, C. H. Burton, Mrs. J. Butler, Ceyx, Dhualt, Estela, G. M. Fowler, Glamis, Miss Kelly, Kirkton, M. I. R., N. O. Sellam, Oakapple, M. Overton, Rho Kappa, St. Ives, Mrs. Gordon Touche, Tyro, C. J. Warden, Zer.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Bolo, Mrs. Boothroyd, Miss Carter, Chailey, Coque, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Cyril E. Ford, Madge, H. de R. Morgan, Peter, Sisyphus, Spearhavoc, Stucco, Capt. W. R. Wolseley. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 222.—Correct: Rikki. One Light wrong: Rand. OAKAPPLE.—It means: Keep the imp, or Sprite, and get rid of the air, or Atmosphere.



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RESERVE FUND	-	9,250,000
DEPOSITS, etc. (Dec. 31, 1925)	-	306,259,816

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## CITY NOTES

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

THE turn of the half-year found Stock Markets in a reasonably active condition—in view of the coal strike perhaps one should say in an unreasonably active condition. The pendulum of speculation has swung in the direction of the Mining Markets, where a considerable increase in activity is discernible. South Africans, Rhodesians, Diamond shares and Tins all are coming in for their share of attention. Indications point to a continuance of this. The South African Mining Houses have their market well in hand, and are not likely to miss the opportunity that the present mood of the public offers. Those who specialize in Rhodesians also will be ready, and are already giving a lead. In these circumstances I feel the present "quarter" will be one of activity in Mining Markets. It is a bad time of year for Stock Exchange activity, owing to the holiday season, but for all that I am optimistic as to this Section of the House.

## ANGLO-CANADIAN PULP

As was only to be expected, the issue of 6½% Guaranteed Debentures in the Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills, Limited, was an immediate success, the issue being applied for more than twenty times over. These debentures are guaranteed as to principal, interest and premium unconditionally by the *Daily Mirror Newspapers, Limited*, and *Sunday Pictorial Newspapers, Limited*. They are redeemable at 107 prior to July 1, 1936, and thereafter at 105 on ninety days' notice. There is to be a cumulative sinking fund beginning in 1932 and operating at the rate of 1% per annum for five years, and thereafter at the rate of 2½% per annum. I consider these debentures a thoroughly sound investment, and well worth purchasing in the market if procurable after allotment at not too high a premium. Apropos of this issue, the shares of the *Daily Mirror Newspapers, Limited*, are an exceptionally interesting lock-up for a year or two, for good dividends and capital appreciation.

## CALCUTTA TRAMWAYS

Although of little consolation to shareholders, it is interesting to note how frequently problems encountered by utility companies are not limited to one country. The competition of omnibuses has been a source of difficulty to tramway systems in London; the report of the Argentine Tramway Company complains of the same competition; while last week, at the meeting of the Calcutta Tramways, the Chairman, Mr. John B. Stone, attributed the reduced receipts to the same cause. Camberwell, Cordova, Calcutta, all have the same problems to face. As regards Calcutta, the Chairman expressed the opinion that competition had reached its zenith and was beginning to weaken. He further referred to the fact that the point had been reached at which the licensing authorities are refusing on certain routes to issue any further permits.

## IMPERIAL BANK OF PERSIA

As was only to be expected at the General Meeting of the Imperial Bank of Persia held last week, the Chairman, Sir Hugh S. Barnes, referred to the dynastic revolution in Persia, which had led to Reza Khan Pehlevi being invited by the Constituent Assembly to assume the Crown in place of Ahmed Shah. The newly created Shah-in-Shah has apparently shown that he appreciates the importance of running a

country on sound financial lines, and as a result of his energy Sir Hugh Barnes was able to inform his shareholders that the financial position of the country has been greatly improved. As to the Bank of Persia, despite these happenings the shareholders are in the fortunate position of seeing in their balance sheet a net profit of £129,401—a record in the history of the Bank, and a fact which speaks volumes not merely for the Bank's Management, but for the success of the new regime.

## ANGLO-AMERICAN CORPORATION

The recent dividend declarations of the Anglo-American Corporation group of Mines include a dividend of 16½%, that is, 3s. 3d. per share, by Spring Mines. Springs have been a good market of late on what is described as good buying from the Cape, based on very satisfactory developments. I look for a further rise in the course of the next few months. Present price, 3 5/16.

## CHARTERED

In February last, when the Chartered report was issued, I wrote to the effect that the market opinion on the report was erroneous and that the fall in the shares was unjustified, and that Chartered were an exceptionally attractive speculative lock-up. At the time the price of the shares was 26s. 3d. Since then a dividend of 1s. 3d. a share has been paid, and the shares this week have changed hands at 29s. I still see no reason why Chartered should be sold, an opinion I base on the speculative possibilities of the company's mining interests in Northern Rhodesia.

## MANBRE SUGAR

I have in the past referred to Manbré Sugar deferred shares. The Company is engaged in the manufacture and sale of brewing sugar, golden syrup, flake maize, etc. It is also largely interested in the selling of cattle food. These shares have been somewhat neglected of late, but I look for a revival of interest during the next three months when the date for the dividend declaration comes round. The deferred shares are entitled to half the surplus profits after the ordinary have received 5%, and after a distribution in the form of rebate to customers, which, at the directors' discretion, may total one-third of the remaining profit. Deferred shareholders received dividends amounting to just over 90% in 1924 and 1925, and just over 89% in 1923 and 70% in 1922. They are £1 shares, and are procurable at about 10½s. I recommend these shares as I consider them a thoroughly sound investment.

## PAPER PULP

Investors who would like to interest themselves in the Canadian Paper and Pulp industry in a manner other than the purchase of debentures should turn their attention to the Common Stock of the Abitibi Power and Paper Company, Limited, and Price Brothers, Limited. I have from Canada very favourable reports of both these companies; only small dividends are paid, and the yield may appear unattractive; but in view of the fact that competent authorities foresee a world shortage of the commodity supplied by these companies, I confidently expect substantial capital appreciation in each case in the course of the next year or two. Investors would, in my opinion, be well advised to lock away some of these stocks, which should lead to surprisingly satisfactory results. Present price: Abitibi \$78¼, Price Brothers \$68. London Terms, i.e., \$5 to the pound.

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**52-TON MOTOR CRUISER,** copper sheathed. Twin 40 h.p. Semi-Diesel engines. Two saloons, 2 staterooms and fore-castle. Lead ballast. Speed 10 knots. Price £1,650. Seen South Coast. Folio M1,203.

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**23-TON AUX. YAWL,** 45 ft. x 11 ft. 4 ins. x 9 ft. 3 ins. depth. Built 1897 by well-known builders. Straight bow, counter stern. Copper sheathed and fastened. Saloon, 2 staterooms, fore-castle. Petrol-paraffin Parsons engine, 1923. Very complete inventory. Seen Hamble river. Price £935. Folio A496.

**24-TON AUX. KETCH.** Spoon bow and counter stern. 40 ft. x 12 ft. 7 ins. x 7 ft. draught. Built 1909. Recently reconditioned and redecored throughout. Saloon, two staterooms and fore-castle. Kelvin 12/16 h.p. engine. Seen Hamble River. Price £1,300. Folio A506.

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### Company Meeting

## LOBITOS OILFIELDS

### PRODUCTION LARGELY INCREASED

### DEVELOPMENT OF NEW AREAS

### LORD FORRES'S SPEECH

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Lobitos Oilfields, Limited, was held on July 6, at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C.

The Right Hon. Lord Forres, P.C. (the Chairman), presiding, said: Ladies and Gentlemen,—We are able again to bring before you a satisfactory report. Turning to the accounts, you will notice that the issued capital of the Company has been increased to 600,000 shares, and that the new issue ranked for dividend for the year 1925.

Sundry creditors' account is largely composed of pending payments to the British Government for taxation. We have transferred £100,000 from development reserve account to the credit of general reserve, and recommend that £50,000 be added from this year's profits, thus bringing the general reserve account up to £600,000, or equal to the issued capital of the company. This reserve, as well as the share premium reserve, is mainly invested in the business and in the development of the field. Taxation reserve has been reduced in accordance with the policy explained to you last year. We are approaching the end of the period against which the reserve was built up, and I trust we shall not require to use it entirely. You will notice Peruvian Government taxes have risen to £133,000, which is a very onerous burden, and, in addition, we pay a large sum, roughly speaking about thirty per cent. of the value, by way of import duties on the Company's supplies.

Turning to the other side of the account, property account calls for no comment, and may be taken to stand at a safe figure. Equipment account now amounts to a large total, but if we are to do justice to our property it will still further increase. Tank steamers account has been reduced by the usual depreciation. You will observe a considerable increase in stocks and stores. The enterprise is growing, and requirements under the heading of stocks and stores have to grow with it. The valuations are carefully made, and, we believe, are conservative. Cash is more than it was twelve months ago on account of the new issue of 200,000 shares which was made in the early part of the year. It was also fortuitously increased by the receipt of payments for large shipments of oil at the end of the year.

### PROFITS AND DIVIDEND

The balance of profit for the year 1925 was £266,410 9s. 1d. The directors recommend the payment of a final dividend of 25 per cent., and a bonus of 15 per cent. less tax. As the dividend for 1925 is at the same rate as that for 1924, but is payable upon a larger capital, I think there is every reason to be satisfied with the result. It was contributed to in substantial part by remunerative voyages of our steamers chartered to others, and in part by the larger production of oil in 1925 as compared with 1924. To maintain production requires constant drilling. To increase it involves additions to drilling rigs, material, plant, personnel, and all that goes under the heading of equipment.

Production increased from 175,766 tons in 1924 to 223,740 tons in 1925. It is the policy of the Board to continue opening up the field, and to increase the production. We have a very large new territory, the development of which will involve us in further outlays for providing means of communication, railways, roads, camps, water, drilling plant, etc. Additional capital will ultimately be required, though not immediately. When the time comes shareholders will have the opportunity of subscribing for new shares on advantageous terms.

A railway about 25 miles long has been constructed from Lobitos to a camp named El Alto, which forms a new centre of work and is being equipped with the necessary workshops, stores, and other requirements. Some of the wells in this new territory are proving excellent producers. A considerable length of new roads has also been constructed, and motors are rapidly replacing horse transport.

In 1925 112,394 ft. were drilled, as compared with 94,018 ft. in 1924. With growing production we have been obliged to add to storage capacity. Including new tanks at present under construction, the tankage amounts to 60,000 tons. Owing to increase in shipping, we have in hand the extension of port facilities at Lobitos and Cabo Blanco.

I visited Lobitos in January last and found the enterprise in a satisfactory condition and well managed.

The report was unanimously adopted, and a resolution was passed approving the policy of forming subsidiary companies in England or elsewhere to acquire and manage certain of the company's local interests and properties.

## Company Meeting

## NATIONAL BANK OF NEW ZEALAND, LIMITED

## DIVIDEND AND BONUS MAINTAINED

The FIFTY-FOURTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of this Bank was held in July, at 17 Moorgate, E.C.

The Hon. William Pember Reeves (the Chairman) said that the issue of shares which was completed in September last increased the paid-up capital to £2,000,000, and the reserve fund, with the £20,000 now being placed to it, would stand at the same figure. The net profit for the past year was £333,087, as against £279,826 in the previous year. The dividend and bonus they proposed to pay to the shareholders was the same as last year—namely, a 12 per cent. dividend and a bonus of 2 per cent. It had not been an easy matter to expand their gross profits, which, after allowing for the use of the fresh capital, showed an increase of £55,762. The fall in prices of New Zealand exports had affected their bill business, as had also the lateness of the season and the British seamen's strike. The greatest adverse influence, however, had been the perhaps too drastic reduction in exchange rates agreed to by the Australian and New Zealand Banks after the restoration of the Gold Standard here.

In the financial year to March 31, 1926, the overseas trade was: Exports, £48,697,000; imports, £53,025,000; showing a surplus of imports £4,328,000. The principal exports were wool, dairy produce, frozen meat, hides, and tallow, which accounted for 88 per cent. of the total.

The Chairman described at some length his recent visit to the Dominion, and said that since his previous visit, thirty years ago, the progress had been great and the change remarkable—fortunately, almost always a change for the better. In twenty-five years the value of the export trade had risen by about 83 per cent., and so had about kept pace with the growth of the population. The chief problems of the Government were financial. Faced with the probability of a shrinking revenue, it was looking round for ways of effecting economies, but its real difficulty was the necessity of limiting borrowing. At the end of March, 1925, the net public debt was over £214,000,000; since then the Government had borrowed £11,000,000 over here and £5,000,000 locally. This pace was too hot to last, and it was to be hoped that the new Minister of Finance would face the disagreeable task of slackening. The report was unanimously adopted.

## Company Meetings

## EX-LANDS NIGERIA, LIMITED

The FOURTEENTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of this Company was held on July 6 at River Plate House, E.C.

Mr. H. G. Latilla (Chairman and Managing Director), who presided, said that the year's profit was £35,267, the balance from appropriation account being £36,118, after allowing for the interim dividend of 5 per cent. paid last July. A further interim of 17½ per cent. was paid in February, and they now proposed to pay 5 per cent., making 27½ per cent. for 1925. They proposed also to pay an interim 5 per cent. for the current year.

During the year 405 tons of tin concentrates were produced, realizing £65,293 net, against 400 tons and £59,732 net in 1924. The average content of the concentrate was 72.275 per cent., and the price of metallic tin varied during the year from £265 to £285. The sales of concentrates average £165 6s. 5d. per ton, against £152 19s. 7d. in 1924. The fact that the profit, £35,267, was less than that of the previous year (£36,746) was due to higher rates of wages owing to keen competition for labour in the tin fields.

With regard to the item of £48,438, representing shares in another company, they had realized about one-third at a satisfactory profit since the date of the accounts, and the balance also could be disposed of at a profit. This purchase marked no change of policy. They were faced with the position that the working of a considerable area of their proved payable ground was likely to be affected by the claim of a neighbour for the use of water which was imperative to this company. Discussions took place along the lines of a purchase by the company of additional ground, but the directors of the neighbouring company, Anglo-Nigerian, could not see their way to deal with this one block. Under advice, the shares were purchased. There was no reason why an arrangement satisfactory and profitable to both companies should not be made, and experts on both sides would agree the terms. Anglo-Nigerian, which had excellent chances of emulating the success of Ex-Lands, was earning profits, and should pay a dividend this year.

The consulting engineer estimated the ore reserves of Ex-Lands at 3,700 tons of 70 per cent. concentrates, but this had no relation to the probable tonnage. For some years past, notwithstanding what had been taken out, the reserves had not been depleted. They might accept his statement that the company had a long life before it, and that if the price of tin remained at about the present level they would receive dividends of 40 per cent. for the current year. Beyond that he was not prepared to venture. The general belief was that the price of tin would reach higher levels, due to the natural laws of supply and demand.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

## VAN DEN BERGHS, LIMITED

## PROGRESS OF THE BUSINESS

The TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Van den Berghs Ltd. was held on July 2 at Winchester House, E.C. Mr. Henry Van den Bergh presided, and, in moving the adoption of the report, said that for the half-century they had been engaged in the margarine trade they had endeavoured to establish the article on a sound basis as a staple article of food in this country. During that time a most remarkable change had taken place in the discrimination of the British public as far as foodstuffs were concerned. They realized that enormous strides had been made in this direction, and were proud that they had been able to keep pace with those improvements, and that by highly scientific processes they had been able so to perfect their commodity that it stood relatively higher as a suitable article of food than ever it did before. While formerly they drew their supplies chiefly from America, they were now enabled to obtain them also from sources within the British Empire.

The sales of margarine has increased generally during the year, but more particularly so their own proprietary brands. Their well-known Blue Band still led the way as the pioneer brand, not only in this country, but also in the other countries of Europe where their associated companies were operating.

Although the export trade had not yet attained to very large dimensions, they saw signs of a large and permanent trade developing in this branch of their business. As a consequence of their increased turnover they were enabled to present a more satisfactory statement to their shareholders. The profits had considerably increased, and while last year they were precluded from making a distribution to the Ordinary shareholders, they were now in the happy position of being able to resume dividends on their Ordinary shares.

Since the strike a great rise had taken place in the prices of the raw materials, which were used by them in their manufacture. Fortunately, however, they were well bought, and were, consequently, not obliged to pay the increased prices.

They had now got a little farther in regard to enemy debts, and the first case to come before the Arbitrary Tribunal had been decided in their favour.

The net trading profit amounted to £425,708, which was an increase of £130,000 over the profits realized for the year 1924. This increase, which was a substantial one, had enabled them to recommend the payment of a dividend on the Ordinary share capital of 2s. 6d. per share.

The report was adopted.



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